

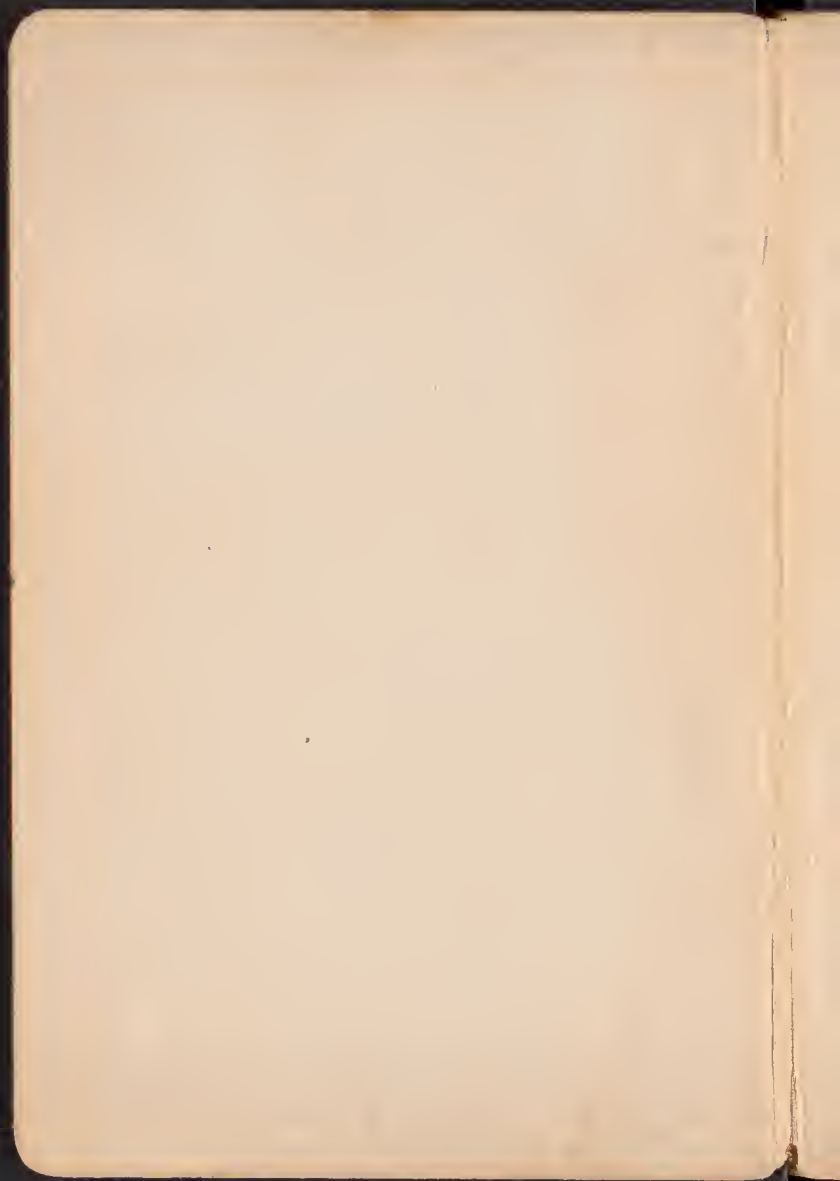
South American

Diary

1905

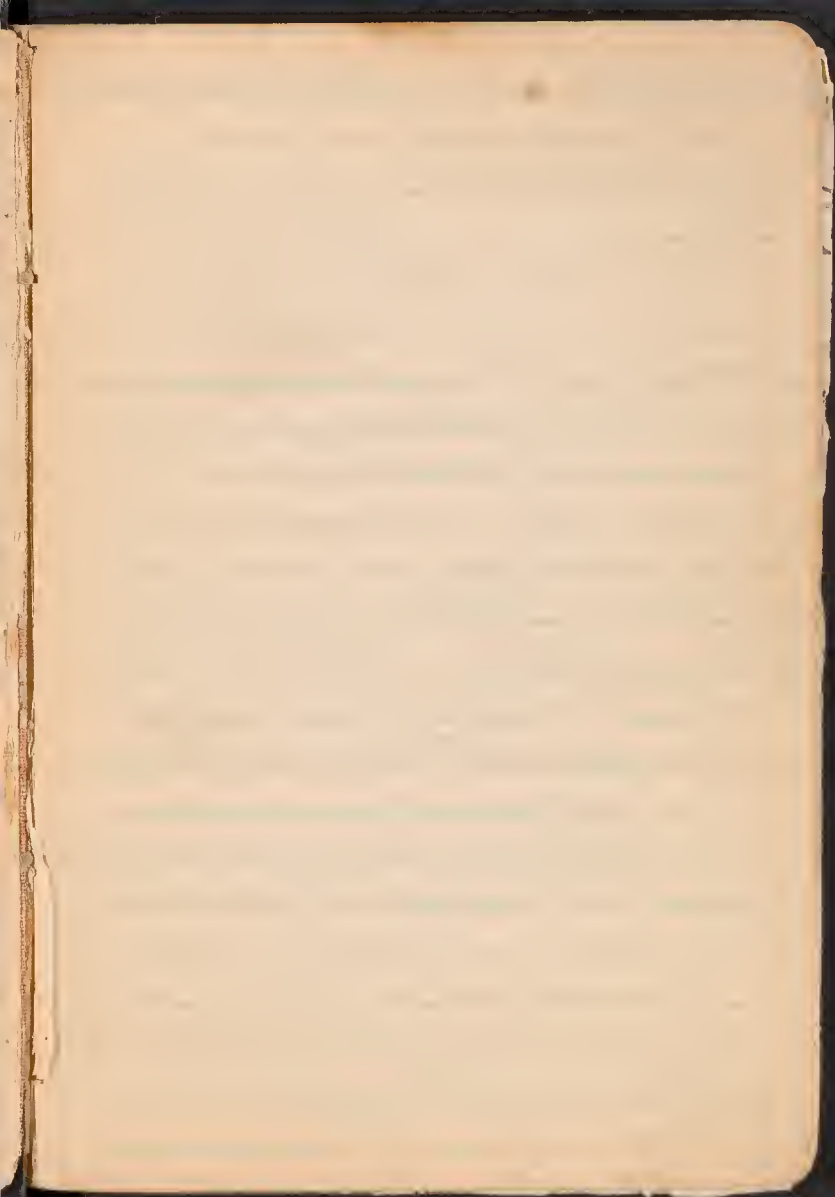
1906

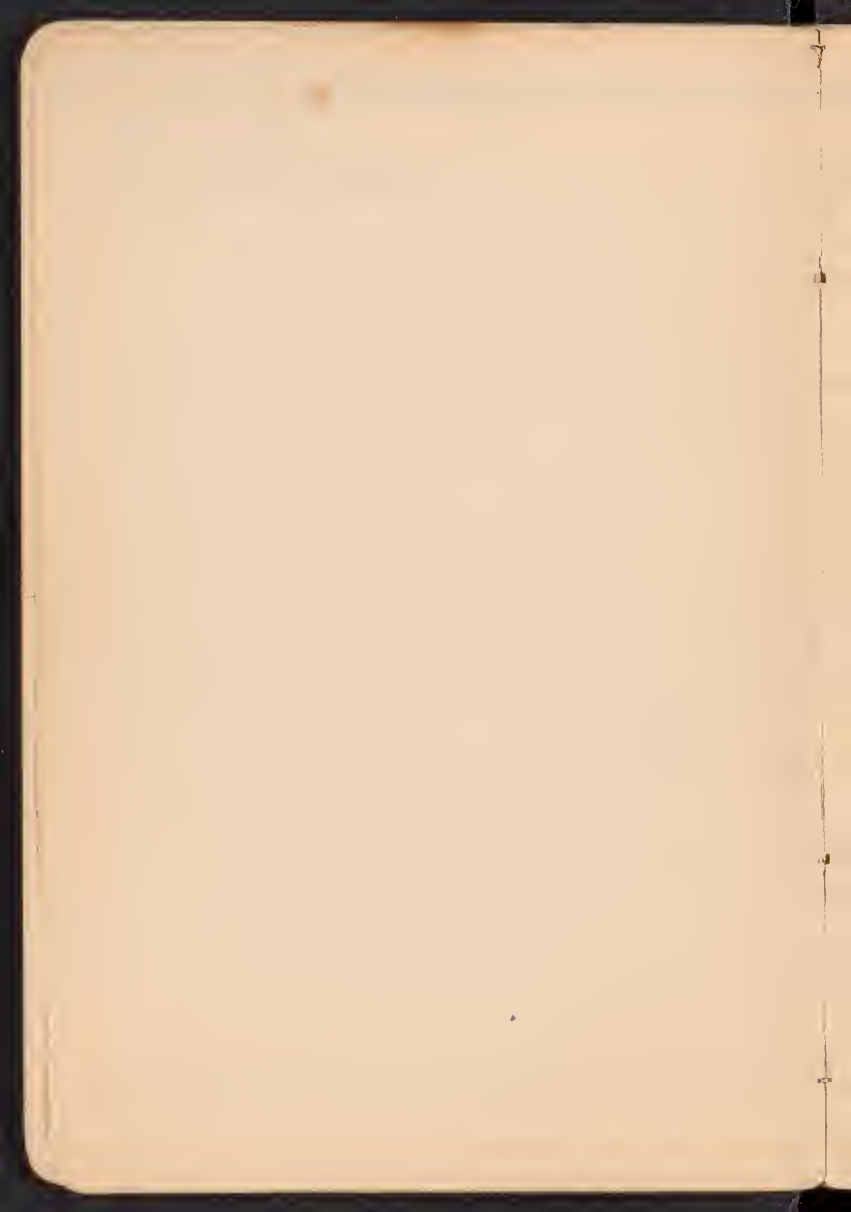
R. T. Fox



Roland Thaxter,
Harvard University,
Cambridge. Mass.

Hooker Flora Antarctica
Deakes Voyage
Sir Richard Hawkins





August 17, 1905

Sailed from Boston on the White Star S.S. "Cymric" for Liverpool at 11.30 and after an uneventful passage reached Queenstown at 5.30 August 25 and Liverpool at 11.30 Saturday Aug. 26.

Saturday Aug. 26. Went to the North Western Hotel where a good room is obtained for 4/- but where the Table d'hôte meals are expensive as well as living in the city. Remained in Liverpool (making various purchases getting both food and clothing to ticket etc) five most monkey days. Making use of my alcohol cooker to provide me with at least one good and inexpensive meal a day till

Thursday Aug. 31, 1905 when I embarked on the Pacif. St. Navig. Co's S.S. "Orissa" 5300 tons from the Prince's Landing Stage. Much dirt disorder and confusion, not to mention fresh paint in various places ready for the unsuspecting passenger to lean against.

Wretched looking 3^d Class especially
a wasted looking woman with
two small children and a baby at
the breast, whom I saw her feeding,
later in the voyage, with boiled beans;
the same being chewed first in the
mother's mouth and thence introduced
by means of a spoon into that of the
infant. Curious specimen of
humanity too in the first class, as
for instance a Mr. Dobree of
Punta Arenas (with two boys by a
former wife) and a second wife
very elaborately painted and
powdered, with a large wig, trim
figure, regular features, and a
look that (when she thought herself
unobserved) was ghastly to a degree
and suggested a pest as well as a prison
well filled with miscellaneous horrors.
I learned later that Dobree was reputed,
at least, to have been one of the men
who was with the French prince

imperial when he was left to be
killed in a sudden raid in the
Zulu war. Bull necked, red faced,
with two small pig-eyes close together.
I also learned that Mrs. D. came out
of Punta Arenas with him a few
years ago as his "niece", that they
had lived together and kept a shop,
and that they were now returning as
"Mr. & Mrs." from a visit to England.
That she was really the saving of what
little there was to save of this drunken
British man who, to hear him talk,
one would have supposed to be
the king of Patagonia - now living
on a sheep estancia north of Gallegos
and, like all the rest, making money
so long as his wife can keep him sober.
I looked the passengers over and tried
to make up my mind which were best
worth knowing, and after a day or two
during which it was evident that no
one would speak to me, that is

address me, they came to speak to
several who unluckily almost all
proved to be bound for the European
ports - a Mr. Houlding very gentlemanly
who sat next me at table, from Liverpool,
though now living at La Pallice for his
wife's health: another, or rather two others,
bound for the Spanish mountains
prospecting for mines - a cultivated
and agreeable Irish priest - father
Walsh, bound for Lisbon - with whom I
had much congenial talk of literature,
~~and~~ art etc, about the only person
whom I saw for many many months
who seemed even to know there were
such things as these. Of other passengers
I saw most of one A. Morand, Savoyan
French, an enthusiastic American
though not yet naturalized, travelling
to S. America with hats and shoes
for various American firms - a
man of high ideals and clean life
and a gentleman according to his

to his lights, the man of whom I saw
most on the voyage walked with and
talked with and found myself much
in sympathy with drummer, though
he was: with a history of a successful
life begun some years ago in Chile
and ruined by an unhappy marriage
to a bad woman. One Arthur
Bailey also a Catholic and clean
bound for Antofagasta in North Chile
to put in plants for removing scale
salts from water used on the R.R.
B. G. Aylwin, nice young Englishman,
one of "Methuen's Scouts" in Boer war
athletic, a little "fresh", of whom I saw
much, later at Punta Arenas, and grew
to like greatly. A nice clean young
fellow Murray - Catholic - bound for the
Salt Lake region at Iquique, godless
place. Few others with whom I had
communication. Mr. Edwards gentleman,
connected with the company B. Davis and
Lupatinsky Monteiros (Wilson Davis & Co)

The rest mostly cocktail English
Chileans and Chilean English with
whom, including my roommate one
Brown a cocktail Scotchman - I
found no point d'appui. One German
doctor, dark, attractive, young, silent
and without English, who kept much by
himself (Benckhardt, Berlin) but with
whom one could make some intellectual
connections even in slender French -
Of the Chileans: Raoul Edwards, rich
Chilean of English descent, with a bad
face and a very pretty Chilean wife
of the most pronounced Spanish type;
was most in evidence with his party
an electric person always in motion
and talking and laughing loudly and rapidly -
smashed up in an automobile in
Santiago I saw later in a Chilean paper
(servo him right too) but not seriously but
a microcephalous English fellow tall
slim with bad teeth at once christened
"Reggy" on the boat from his absurd

resemblance to that personage as
depicted in the comic papers made the
bit of much horse play by Arthur and
others: bound for a clerkship in a bank
Tampaca city. on the West Coast.
One other person needs mention Hon
J. J. Milton from Port Stanley Falkland
with whom I had a good deal of talk
and in whom I called later in Port
Stanley, a pathetic figure tall and
black dark hair and hair with much
grey, and wearing blue "box" spectacles
having suddenly lost his eye right
almost totally and quite suddenly
but fortunately for him not until he
had made a sufficient fortune in the
Falklands by sheep raising & sheep skin
more than independent for life. It seems
then Vallentin who wrote a paper &
had recently read in the Manchester
Memoirs or the Nat. History of the
Falklands, fell in love with his (Milton's)
niece while he was there and is now
married to her.

The Orissa - though a very steady and
thoroughly seaworthy boat was very
badly arranged for travelling in the
tropics - my stateroom especially
being very musty and the ventilation
except when the port hole was open coming
(for the whole of the first class cabins) through
a skylight opening on the 3^d class deck
where hundreds of dirty Spanish and
Portuguese emigrants steamed and
stunk in the hot weather and sang & danced
laughed and pranced on the decks above our
heads almost continuously. continually
too, emptying unmentionable remains
of food and other coffee dirt and nastiness
over the side and into the first cabin
portholes if they were open. and the men
momentarily roll or draft fanned -
I was once completely deluged by stale
coffee and grounds which were sucked
in over me while I was taking my
morning bath. On another occasion
a shovel full of emigrant sweepings

thrown over the side were sucked
in and completely covered
every thing in the room including
both beds which were black
with unimaginable gurry.

I spoke to the captain of these matters
which he seemed to consider rather
a good joke - an incompetent
man as far as the conditions in
his ship were concerned too much
taken up with waxing his mustache
and an incompetent steward so
that there was little edible in the
long and pretentious bill of fare.

At lunch I sat next the first
officer (Aug. 31) and he entertained
me by describing the conditions
left by the ship in Valparaiso
on account of the small pox of
which there were many people on
board talking before we were
well started - that "black" small
pox of a very fatal type was raging

in Chile and especially in Valparaíso
(my destination) where there were when
they left 6000 cases with 80% of deaths
that bodies were being piled in the streets
boxed or merely covered with a cloth etc
and that conditions were down (and
up) the coast at the various ports were
about as bad, even Punta Arenas having
cases. This cheerful intelligence
was confirmed by other officers
and my first days on board were
thus days of considerable mental
disturbance as I feared my trip
would be more or less completely
wrecked so that I even had thoughts
of turning back and going to the
West Indies. The Chilean English and
English Chileans mostly proposed that
I should pose and said it went anything
to be afraid of especially one little man
with weak eyes (about fifty years old)
Mr. _____ whom the brutal
passenger used to get well fuddled

of an evening (he was much given
to a minor type of inebriety) and
then inducing him to sing
with the piano before the assembled
company on the upper deck, and
make an utter spectacle and
ass of himself as he had no voice
when sober or idea of time or tune.
The manners and customs of the
English interested and amused me
a good deal and on the whole I
do not think that the disagreeable
qualities of the travelling American
are much more pronounced than
those of the travelling Englishman
at least as one sees him on South
American boats. The habit
of dressing for dinner between
Lisbon & Montevideo is a most
absurd and one and annoying
in that it makes conspicuous any
one who does not. Evening dress
is not adopted to shipboard

especially in a small second
rate steamer with poor and
insufficient accommodations.

Saturday Sept. 2. We came into La
Pallice near Rochelle in the
early morning and for the last
time till I returned to Liverpool
the steamer was docked for
cargo and passengers. Many of
the passengers went off in parties
large and small to see the old town
of La Rochelle reached by a compound
air tram (or trolley as it was at least told it was
at the time) but as I was not asked to
join any of these parties and was
much preoccupied with my own
thoughts I preferred to stay on the
steamer and watch the devil may care
French longshoremen fight and laugh
and beat one another, and in the
interim help load on the Oris
vast quantities of wine and stronger
liquor much of it marked "Punta

Arenas". We staid all day at
La Pallies and it was not till
Sunday Sept. 3 that we departed in the
forenoon and started across the
Bay of Biscay which did not
belly its reputation for bad weather
and there was much seasickness
the ejecta being reglected by
those who should have attended to
it in a most trying fashion, even
on the carpets of the dining saloon.

Monday Sept. 4 = Mostly bare and rather
striking coast of Spain with bold
shore running back to hills and mts.
Went into the port of Coruña. A very
pretty with old town and fort
of which I took a photograph. Lovely
weather and scene.

Tuesday Sept. 5. Waked up in landlocked
harbor of Carril where no exit is
visible. Beautiful surroundings
Interesting and picturesque coast
entered artificial harbor of

Leixões in P. M. said to have cost
\$50000, through the narrow entrance
of which a heavy sea was running
making it very rough within for small
craft. Here we took on many emigrants
as at Coruña and Corral and witnessed
many scenes of parting and sorrowful
Here as at the other ports also the ship
was surrounded by women in boats
selling fruit (mostly grapes) bread,
crockery and other things hoisting them
up in baskets or cans by means of a double
rope thrown up to the deck. The Portuguese
men especially peculiar very many black
haired, with clean shaven chin and long
black side whiskers giving an ape-like
look. Leixões the port of Oporto
the latter visible above in the distance
as we approached. Out into rough sea.

Wednesday Sep. 6, 1905. Lisbon harbor early
A. M. Ashore till 3 P. M. led about by a
fodder and stately Cooky having failed
to find Father Walsh who had

promised to meet and show me
about or at least to turn me over to
a key brother for this purpose.
See letters for particulars.

Started on our long run to St. Vincent
about 4 P.M.

Thursday Sept 27, 1905. Fine weather growing
warm. The emigrants recovering, beginning
to rock and dance like bears continuously.
The English much excited over string ball
cricket half of the upper deck being netted
off for the purpose.

Friday Sept. 28. Hot fine N.E. trade. Terribly
hot and close in afternoon. Teneriffe
coming in sight in late afternoon its
narrow N.W. end very abrupt and
striking. The whole island is faced with
its pointed peaks rising clean, above the
main bulk (2336 ft) the town of Santa
Cruz de Teneriffe cozily ensconced on
hillside and its base a fine sunset
behind clean cut jagged mt. line.
Grand Canary barely visible to S.E.

men Tom

Saturday Sept. 9. 1905. - Sunday Sep. 10.

Hot and fine but hard to sleep.

Monday Sept. 11. St. Vincent in early morning
w. lowering clouds on mountain tops
and the larger island of São Antão to
the N.E. (perhaps 10 miles) mostly hidden
by low lying cloud masses. Wonderful
jaggedness of St. Vincent hills and mountains
their roughness prominently stratified
the strata variously tilted the surfaces
rough and the color of ashes blending
into a burnt red which gives wonderful
effect in slanting light especially.
Highest peak only 2320 but general
effect and jaggedness more striking than
any I ever saw before. The general
barrenness - not so bad on São Antão
where there is a stream and fruit
and vegetables can be raised. Nasty
process of cooling adventures on
bedding with Moran and Bailey
see letters. Out into bad (but hot)
weather thick with rain in P.M. etc

Tuesday Sept. 12. 1905. Rough weather and hot
southern islands of the group said
to be moist and fertile. Wind S.W

Wednesday Sept. 13. Cooler with clouds and rain
and cross sea characteristic of the
 doldrums - a shifting region between
the N. E. and S. E. trades. ^{at night} Neptun boards
~~no lights burned and cannon fired.~~

Thursday Sept. 14. Fine and cool S. E. trades
Passengers taken up with the father
Neptun tom foolery. Most of the passengers
being shaved and ducked in a big canvas
tub of salt water when they were held
under water by three blacked & grinning
members of the crew who were very rough
The barbering room at cocktail Brown
Policeman clown & Mr. & Mrs. Neptun
Much horse play fire buckets emptied
down on people; victims seized and
thrown into tub no less volens ^{all} clothes &
Roggy taken by force and half his
monstach shaved off. Much taken
in good part but very English. Crossed
Equator 6.30. Heavy clouds to west, misty
scattered showers.

Friday Sept. 15. Same weather with squalls
of rain & wind. "Sports" going on - a
universal function on their English boats
- with an enthusias - curious to behold
considering their nature. Feeling very
wretchedly & not digesting anything all
these days though never feeling so sick.

Saturday Sept. 16. A fine day relieved by the
first sight of S. American land the
island of Fernan do Noronha being
passed about noon $4\frac{1}{2} \times 1\frac{1}{2}$ miles with
a very striking sharp hill almost
monument like rising abruptly 1,014
on E. side near middle. See letter
Said to be a plague of rats there now.
Six photographs. ^{whereby photograph} ^{expiring day relief}

Sunday Sept. 17. Squally with occasional showers

~~Monday~~ ^{Sep 18} Sports continuing run mostly by
a big and very strong young stockman
sheepman in Patagonia mud give
to drink and Cytherin. Fine and
~~Monday~~ Corles. Much floating sea weed
Sargassum and Turbinaria mostly

Numerous whales are attacked by
thresher shark. The low lying
Abrolhos rocks with light house passed
during forenoon. The sea weed increasing
in amount near them and evidently
detached from them. Wretched as usual.

Tues day Sept. 19. Running into cloudy region
with the coast of Brazil bearing high
in the distance during forenoon. and
Cape Frio with its light house and
grassy slope passed about noon. Fine
and luxuriant tropical vegetation
especially in ravines, many palms
etc very interesting through glass.
Entered Rio harbor in cold fog and drizzle.
Interesting vegetation on islands at
entrance. Anchored after 5 P.M.
Parangiers shivering in over coats
Big sphinxes and moths at electric
light along between nests. Rudge the
doctor can get one much rubbed.
Cooling filthy noisy night.

Wednesday Sept. 20. 1905. Threatening rain and
misty, pouring in back country, an
occasional glint of sun and lifting of
clouds showing the magnificent vegetation
on the slopes behind Rio and an occasional
peak at the fine top of the Corcovado and
parts of the Organ mountains, a bright
butterfly now and then flying by or over
us across the bay despite the weather.
Rio strong along the bay white yellow
red climbing the hills behind. Settlers
The Petropolis boat passed us a little
after four o'clock. The weather being so
bad and feeling so far from well I did
not go as were expecting to be two months
later in these parts. At 4.30 started
out into a heavy swell & cloudy
weather but getting some glimpses of
the fine mountains, Corcovado and
sugar loaf coming out clear. Numerous
islands without entrance one
surmounted by a hovering cloud of
many thousands of sea birds not near
enough to see what kind.

Thursday Sept. 21. Warm moderately clear with following wind. A strong current running south here gave us the best run of the voyage. Was weighed with other passengers and found I had lost thirteen pounds since starting. Dr. Ridge gave me a tonic yesterday which certainly ^{is} ^{of} ^{the} ^{best} ^{kind} ^{for} ^{the} ^{case}.
Much phosphorus used.

Friday Sept. 22. Following wind suddenly changing to head wind with fall of temperature at noon. Cold. Many chunky dirty brown "Cape hens". Gale (pampero surio) at night and much rolling.

Saturday Sept. 23. Sighted sandy coast of Uruguay during the morning with lowish hills behind. Cool S. E. Shallow water growing dirty green and brown as we approached the mouth of the La Plata. The town of Maldonado looming behind a point with greenwood and pasturing cattle.

about a tall light house: the large church of Maldonado two towers in front and one behind - the type of this region - looming in the distance. Many trees, all planted, and lowish rolling hills with much sand shorewards. Passed inside an island off the point on which were two wrecks and the butt of a lighthouse.

Passed island the horrors of being quarantined on which were vividly described to me by Mr. Edwards (whose wife is an English Montevidean) and cast anchor in the roadstead a mile or so out about 5.15. A strong S.E. wind made landing impossible so that another night on the Orissa was inevitable.

A lovely Cape pigeon black and white petrel like bird lit on one of steamers both apparently sick or injured, in evg. allowed itself to be handled. Long walk and talk with Morand.

Sunday Sept. 24, 1905. Left the "Orissi" on tug
about 11 A.M. and was transferred to
the Mikhanovich river steamer "Helios"
which was announced to sail at 6 P.M.
Went ashore with Morand who took
breakfast at a restaurant after which we
viewed the ugly two story coarsely ornamented
dingy town together. The more modern
houses away from the centre of the town
miraculous in the ugliness of their
elaborate ornamentation. The streets
pretty clean. The squares except one
bare with rows of Plane or of
Pecan trees just coming into leaf.
The general situation pretty on a
considerable hill overlooking the bay
on the west across to the "Monti"
fort capped, an isolated conical hill
of considerable height from which the
town takes its name: Three horse
rather or very dilapidated teams,
the driver blowing a blast on a little
horn hung above him or round his neck

on approaching street corners -
Many (good) shops open the Sunday
Police *à l'anglaise* standing in
middle of street cross ways. See letters
Writ on board Helios after taking a
train ride into suburbs (interesting
gardens - ascerius palm ^{the} roses, and
Wisteria in bloom and hideous architecture)
and a cup of tea at a Café in company
with an Argentine-English fellow passenger
The Helios was like a riot when we
boarded her a babel of dago a rattling
of cargo a rushing hither and thither
and general excitement. When I presented
my Oriss ticket to the Comissario he almost
threw it back in my face and I gathered
from Morand that I should have been
given a special ticket by the Oriss
purser - an insolent person weighted
down like most of his profession by an
inordinate opinion of the importance of
his mighty office. Through Morand I
gathered that I should have to fix

matters with the P.S.N.C. agent who was
expected to come before we started to
put on board a crazy man from the
"Oriss" (who had had an attack of acute
mania during the voyage) & Moore
kindly kept hotel with me: yet we
both managed to miss the tug which
it appeared merely disgorged the
crazy man and departed. We found
that the people on the Helios did not
even take the trouble to see which
the maniac was and he was permitted
to roam at large among the
passengers - had roommates for all
I know whose throats he might
have operated on at night. He
was a curious, rather interesting
looking dark man with peculiar
brown eyes, whom I had noticed
reading a good deal in the second
class, and had intended to speak
with. As to my ticket I was
obliged to pay my fare in gold

a supply of which I had providentially brought with me and which here and later tide me over divers emergencies. I should say that when Morand spoke to the Comissario of the crazy man he did say that he should be obliged if M. would point him out. I had the sense to make the Comissario give me a receipt for the passage (which later enabled me to collect the amount from the P.S. N.C. in Buenos Aires) and then Morand and I went to our camarote a quarto where we found two very dirty bundles deposited on two of the berths. The room small, smelly, inside and up against the paddle wheel which, I would later to accentuate the horrors of my first night in S. America. Dinner was announced just as we weighed anchor (there river boats all lie out in the anchorage behind the short stone breakwater and one has to hire a row boat to get to her from

the shore, the defenceless stranger being
duly squeezed and scrouged here as
every where else in the process)
and the tables were full of gobbling
gobbling Dagos when we started.
The weather had been growing worse
during the afternoon and by the
time we got started had resolved
itself into the dirtiest kind of a dirty
pampero (pampero sucio) and as
soon as we began to get outside
the "Helios" began to caper as I never
saw a steamer dance before
rolling tumbling and pitching
the sea washing clear over her and
thwacking her so that she shook
and wobbled from end to end. The
windows of the dining saloon which
was on the second deck were
constantly awash with streaming
water and it was as good as a play to
see the solemnity which fell upon the
company of gobblers and their

sudden flight, singly in companies
to rearward till finally I was left
alone with two others, ^{one a lady} even Moran
and the other Oriss - passengers
giving up, to finish my dinner
with the first good appetite I had
had for many a day, though the
food was wretchedly poor, perhaps
because I had fasted since my light
breakfast. There was some screaming
when the waves thawacked particularly
hard and the saloon seemed to be
going under water, a Frenchwoman
sewed down on the Oriss - looking
like an actor, with considerable past
not to mention present, especially
alarmed and soon assisted out by
a young Argentine, returning from
Cornell where he had been taking a
course in agriculture. Had not
the whole thing been so unpleasant as
to be absolutely ridiculous, I should
have been alarmed myself. Soing

off I found Moran holding his head in
the rear saloon. We clung awhile to various
railings and pieces of furniture to prevent
being thrown prostrate ^{shivering with cold} and finally
mustered courage to go to our cabin
where we found two nasty rascals
already snoring in the better berths while
the sofa and a frame above it had been
prepared for our reception. I did not
undress but lay down in my clothes
and listened to the roaring of the paddle
wheels and the wind and the deluges
of water falling on the upper decks as
the waves struck - a wild night
not soon to be forgotten the storm
lasting till long past midnight when
we seemed to get under a lee
and the motion and babel of noises
gradually abated and I dropped off
into a sleep from which I was awaked
by the stench of smoke to find that one
of the human swine our companions
was smoking in his bunk. Moran

made some remonstrance which
was greeted by a laugh followed
by a frowny, coarse red face
which looked from behind the
black curtain and remarked that
smoke was good for you in a
kind of Irish scotch dogo dialect.
Morand was utterly disgusted and got
up at once and soon followed to
find ourselves

Monday Sept. 25 tied up at a long stone
dock the darsene and with long
sheds opposite and the dawn just
beginning to light up the great city
beyond. Got through the customs
without trouble took carriage by the
hours and drove up town to look at
hotels Morand being desirous of finding
a place where he could exhibit his ⁷⁸⁰ samples
Went to Hotel Phoenix Calle San Mart
returning there after viewing several
others (Hotel de France etc) which seemed
dirty and unattractive. First

impressions of the great city of Buenos
Ayres its fine docks, parks, avenues
and shops. See letters. The Phomise
a kind of Elysium after the past
twenty five days' experiences. The
coffee and rolls and bath and
clean bed on which I spent the afternoon
in a profound slumber and the
excellent albeit not French table.
Morand to whom I pointed out the
expensiveness of the place \$8 per day
as a minimum for an outside room
(it is now \$8.50) wisely resolved to
flee next morning but I resolved to
damn the expense and stay thinking
it of much importance to try to get
back what I had lost on the voyage
under as favorable conditions as
possible. Wrote to bank in morning
and to consuls and cabled Mabel in
early P.M. The consul a reddish lanky
palsied Virginia heeler without knowledge
of Spanish or intention of learning it and
a dis- race to his country in his general

ignorance of things South American did not know what was the capital of Chile or where Punta Arenas or Rosario were. Had learned no Spanish nor attempted to do so when I saw him again in April "Had to do business w. English and Americans so did not need to" he told me while at the very moment his clerk who is evidently acting consul was jabbering Dago with a native with great volubility there being some question about the signature of certain papers, the "consul" standing at the table on which he leaned with his two red paws outspread endeavoring to get a palseid notion of what it was all about - an utterly humiliating spectacle - and this the most important consular post in S. America.

Tuesday Sept. 26, 1905. Went in the morning to see Mr. Walter S. Davis to whom I had letters, American head of the Oficina Meteorologica a block

and a half around the corner from
the Phoenix. Had left my card and
letters of introduction yesterday he
being out. Found him in and cordial
introduced to his secretary, Samuel
R. Mayne good looking englishman
with large head curly dark brown
hair and somewhat peculiar face.
Had already been to Museo Nacional
(was it yesterday or this A.M.) to
try to find Burmeister, son of the
late director of the Museo (to whom
I had a letter and from whom I
hoped to learn much as to insect
localities), and was escorted thence
by a little museum assistant
with whom I tried to carry on
a floundering conversation of
monosyllables to the printing
office of this very *Oficina Meteor.*
Burmeister proving to be one of
Davis's staff: but he was away
So today Davis took me there

with no better luck. The printing
office, well equipped for doing all
their work maps etc. mostly in
basement of the block which
contains the Phormia bounded by
the Calles San Martin Florida
Raimonte and Córdoba built for
shops and traversed by an arcade
in the form of a cross that had
never been glazed in; much
occupied on the Phormia side by
divers government offices among
them the Oficina Agronomica
in which Mr. Davis told me that
Spezzarini worked every day
coming in the morning from his
home at La Plata. As we came
around the corner from Calle Córdoba
I saw a ~~short~~ man walking rapidly
into the Calle Florida arcade.
and Davis exclaimed there goes
Spezzarini now and we hastened
in pursuit - a short man with

long overcoat unbuttoned and
the coat tails flying out behind
an old soft felt black hat a big
sword cane hung on the arm
a very dirty necktie and shabby
much bespotted suit dark grey
hair, ^{and pointed beard} smooth skin and fresh rather
baby like complexion gold
spectacles and nose in the
air with short jerky steps,
~~and~~ blue eyes so wide open
as to appear ready to pop forth
at one with an expression as if
utter astonishment at the things
which he beheld. This was
Spegazzini and as I looked him
over while he was greeting me
in effusive French and noted his
~~rather~~ un-Kempten and rather
dirty and dilapidated dress I
felt that one of my chief missions
to South America - an attempt
to purchase his collection was

not at all unlikely to be accomplished
an impression which became a
conviction when I saw him
later in his office and when in
reply to my tentative interrogations
he replied "pensé et je pense", that
that he would think the matter
over and let me know. I talked
with him as to my plans and got
much advice - not to go to the
Falklands or Punta Arenas or
Chiloe but if possible to get to
Haberton in S. Pierre del Fuego
and to Valdivia - not altogether
good advice as the west proved.
He told me that one of the Bridges
(Despard) who are the Kings of
that region having made money
in sheep and having large horse
stomps and mill etc there was
now in Buenos Aires and I should
see him. Also learned that he,
Epezazzini, was a chemist

by profession and that mycology
was a divertissement with him.

Wednesday Sept. 27. Day was consumed
in running about and doing divers
errands donning my work pants
(I had to spend about half the afternoon
in an elaborate attempt to mend
the sleeve linings to my dress coat)
and walking to Riverside III
where Mrs. Davis had kindly
asked me to dine. I liked her
very much and she reminded me
of her sister Mrs. Muirhead and
strongly in some ways of Mrs. Coe.
Passed a very pleasant evening
which made me feel not quite so
far away from all that was near
to me or in quite so much a
land of strangers. The helpless
feeling which I experienced in these
first few weeks owing to my
utter inability to understand
even the simplest thing that was

said to me, was curious even
to myself. I dreaded boarding
a train or making the simplest
purchase and was only driven
by a sudden storm of rain in
the park, to tempt the railroad
and buy a ticket back to B. Ave.
It seems so silly when all one
needs is a little cheek and a
word or two suggestive of one's
wants. I must say, however,
that I did not find the people
— train conductors, ticket sellers
people in shops etc (except police
men) very ready to help one out
or patient in fact quite the
reverse and even impudent.
One certainly finds nothing one
could call strained politeness
among this class of people. This
however does not seem to be a
universal experience and is
not true in any way of the upper

classes where politeness is elaborate and often so overdone as to be meaningless. I met at dinner two gentlemen - Americans - one Mr. Hayes who had charge of the weather predictions in Mr. Davis's office and the other whose name I have forgotten in business here and very pleasant. Walked back to the Phoenix with Hayes who lived somewhere in the outskirts in that direction.

Thursday Sept. 28. Went to see Mr. Davis in the morning from whom I got the address of Mr. Bridges and then walked out to see him to the ends of the earth on Viamonte past the city water reservoir a sort of "stand pipe" in the form of a large square tall building with false windows and doors occupying a whole block and a perfect nightmare of ugliness in color

and design to which the architect
however had not been ashamed
to affix his unworthy name.
The architecture in general here
in Buenos Aires is superior to that
of Montevideo less ponderous and
heavy and the more modern buildings
in general not such atrocious
bad taste in their kaleidoscopic
ornamentation. Yet the universal
use of stucco, on a loose jointed
wall of poor brick and soft mortar
(wor to Buenos Aires when its earth
quake comes) is a temptation to
the overuse of elaborate and mostly
crude ornamentation which
architects seem unable to resist
yet the general effect of the Avenida
mayo looking upon ^{in the center of the city} down is good
though most of the other streets are
so narrow that there can hardly
be said to be a "general effect".
The architecture in Santiago seemed

to me in far better taste and more
pleasing than in any other city I saw.
Beyond this stand pipe one comes
to the old pavement of the city,
the modernization of the streets
with wood and asphalt and modern
paving stones, tho it is being rapidly
pushed, not having yet extended to
the remainder quarters of the city
except along certain main
avenues, and these older regions
remind one of Pompeii. I
found Mr. Bridges in one of the
small one story houses that line
the streets in this region dingy and
unattractive to a degree without
but pretty enough and clean within
with its little court and interior
greenery. These Bridges, it seems are
progeny of a man of unusual parti-
-a foundling whose name was
given him from the fact that he was
found abandoned by his mother

under a bridge somewhere in
England; came to this country
and took possession of the mission
station at Doble island in the Beagle
channel after its former occupants
had been massacred (and some
say eaten) by the Tierra del Fuego
savages. The present members of
the family living opposite on the
mainland of Tierra del Haberton
and the Bridges family being apparently
synonymous. I found this Despard
an agreeable young fellow and am
told by everyone that his brother is a
very unusual man. He would not
entertain the proposition that I should
board with them for a month and
said I should be very welcome to
stay with them yet I thought I
could see behind a certain
reluctance which made me doubt
very much whether I should ever be
able to bring my mind to the point

of imposing myself on their hospitality
In the afternoon - having spent all
these days running hither and thither to
see people - I made my first attempt
to get outside the city and see what
the country was like taking a train
for the suburb called Flores the name
suggesting a possible chem. bottle
But after riding miles on Viernow
till the street numbers got up into 9
don't know what thousands I decided
to descend and strike eastward
through rather squalid desheveled
outskirts with much surface filth
where I could see some open fields
These when I reached them proved to
be fenced in and mostly full of
rice with evil eyes. Much water
standing in ditches etc. but with
little or nothing growing in them and
no signs of insects. On a wetish bank
I found - few mosses in fruit one a
pretty *Fissidens*? and a *Riccia*

and on dead leaves of Agave
planted for a hedge I found a
few fungi - *Ne-tri-ct-* - a black
rod or two under leaves suggesting
termites. In the evening had a
pleasant call from Morand who told
me of his business experiences and
difficulties in this city.

Friday Sept. 29, 1905. In the early
afternoon Mr. Davis took me to the
Museo Nacional where I was
introduced to the director whose
name I have forgotten, and given
permission to look over their
collections of insects, also to
Sr. Juan Berthel who has charge
of the insects with whom I made
arrangements to work over their beetles.
Went thence down along the Paseo
Colon or between it and the dock
warehouses where a considerable
strip of marshy wet ground was
still left unfilled and there was

a rather varied growth of *Sagittaria*
aquatic grasses a little button like
yellow composite without perianth
ligulate corollas etc with margin
of weedy dumps the whole freely
scattered with ~~burdock~~ filth.
Here I found two nice snails getting
my feet wet in the process one Not.

on

The other on *palagoni-*
not known to *Spegazzini* as I found.
Having an appointment with Mr.
Mayr at five I met Professor Cretan
at the Office Met. I had to hurry
thither to find A. already there - a
rather handsome man ^{with comely manners,} bald with full
grey and brown beard full lips and
^{his snout as from a mouth to fully tongue}
further eyes. I did not then know or
at least remember that he was a
refugee on account of some crookedness
in connection with the *Herbier Boissier*
He told me he founded the *Bulletin de H.B.*
and marvelled that Dr. Robinson

had not given me an introduction to him. He struck me as a very lonely pathetic figure in his isolation here. He asked me to come to see him at the medical school where he is Prof. of something as he wished to introduce me to Mr. Pennington an Englishman who was supposed to have charge of the cryptogams who had been to Tierra del Fuego and was about to make another expedition thither but from all I heard of him I judged that I missed little in not seeing him during my visits to Buenos Aires.

Saturday Sept. 30, 1905. Spent most of day doing errands and running after Antran. Went out to the medical school where there seemed to be much excitement among the students some strike or "insurrection" being in progress in connection with some change or appointment of

professors this was not popular.
Autran showed me his herbarium
neatly arranged in bundles - he is always
neat and methodical to the point of fastidious
among which a few fungi and the first
specimens I had seen of the *Myzodendron*
parasitic on the antarctic beeches.
Later in the day saw him again at
the Oficina Zoologica near Davos
at Viamonte where he spends his
afternoons and where he showed me
some insect exhibits and promised to
take me to the botanic garden and
park where he showed me *Sclerites*
were to be got by dozens in rotten logs.
Mozamb in evening.

Sunday Oct. 1, 1905. Went down to the
Paseo Colon immediately after breakfast
and crossed the docks opposite the
Plaza Mayo (pronounced here Mayo) the
train conductor after do not understand
what you mean if you say Mayo)
Calle is Cajij, naranja is naranca

and in general the Argentine Spanish is undoubtedly the worst on earth though easier for the novice to understand than that of the Chilenos who clip and lisp and the their words (asao for asado etc) so that it is often impossible to distinguish individual words. And here I may mention that the use of words is sometimes peculiar in the Argentine - the word *coger* ^{i.e.} *more* being employed for anything but the sexual act so that if you say you wish "coger un coche" you are laughed at, though understood.

Outside the docks I found an extensive flat region partly filled land with two large basins the one nearly dry with a crackled mud bottom the other full of water a considerable sheet; much frequented by loafers and pobres muchachos in search of centavos, the place

a veritable privy and used as such
by the crews of vessels in port as
well as by the floating long shore
population. In a filthy little hollow
with water in the bottom and full of
water rats? was much more of the
large snail

and a few staphylinids and cerambycids
were turned up under refuse about
the margin: much *Uredo* on *Hydrocotyle*
Along the large basin much *Azolla*
washed ashore mixed with a
very large sterile *Salvinia* and
on the steep banks abundant
Euphorbia - *Aphidius* on a composite
A snail in grass and *Urophylaxis*
pulposus on *Chenopodium murale*.

Returned to find a note from Spezzini
to say he would be unable to meet me
tomorrow for my momentous
interview his chief de bureau
having summoned him elsewhere

Monday, Oct. 2. 1905. After attending
to yesterday's plants and beetles
in the morning, took a Palermo
train on San Martin immediately
after breakfast and went out to
the main entrance of the Parque
3 Febrero next the Jardin Zoolog.
an extensive affair, and walked
down the avenue to the avenue
of Royal Palms which was quite
striking despite a certain dilapidation
visible in the palms as a result of
the winter just accomplished -
A threatening day with fog and
heavy clouds. Poked about in
the locality indicated by Antean
as being favorable for Galerites
first catching a few small
Gyrini that were gorging among
the grass along the border of an
artificial pond on the left after
passing the the Palermo station of
the F.C. Central Argent. a few

hydrophilids too. The region indicated by Antrean lies opposite the Parque T-26. station of the F.C. B. Aires y Rosario low lying land subject to constant flooding by the rising and falling La Plata, full of smells and mosquitos with European weeping willows of good size forming a little swamp forest. Here I found a few logs but no *Sclerites* - a few *Cerabidae* under refuse as well as *Hydrophilids*, *Ditypsids* and *Elaphidulids*. Mean time it was growing rather dark and as I saw a low black cloud advancing from the N.W. I concluded to hurry to the cover of the Palermo station which I reached but not before a deluge descended with high wind. I discovered that a train was soon due and purchasing a ticket

for the Retiro station in B. Aires
was relieved to find myself
rolling thither under safe cover
Among the insects found under
rubbish was a medium sized
dark brown hard fly bug looking
a good deal like a beetle which
I picked up unthinkingly and
by which I was severely bitten
I found it not uncommon later
and learned to treat it with respect
When I saw Antuan at the medical
School both he and his wife a
very polite but dagic dago advised
me to be very careful in the
Park and if I went to the more
recluded parts always to carry a
revolver and I realized the necessity
of doing so from the many villainous
looking people I saw as well as
from the numerous assaults and
even murders done in broad daylight
even in frequented parts of which

I read accounts in the papers. I must say however that the park seemed sufficiently well policed, the policemen though watchful, not bothering one poking about as I was, and I had no encounters of a disagreeable nature during my many and protracted visits to this region. In the evening

it was a pleasure to see at the Phoenix Mr. Lincoln Hutchinson special agent of the U.S. Gov. and instructor in Pol. Econ. at Berkeley whom I had met at the Jausseys and who had just come down from Paraguay where he had been with a ^{Farrellton} ~~Farrellton~~ Mr. Wells editor of a N.Y. commercial paper and journeying around the world. They had just been to San Bernardino on the lake near Asuncion where I wished to go, but could tell me little about it from my point of view.

Tuesday, Dec. 3, 1905. Had my
momentous interview with
Spigarrini who told me he had
decided that he did not wish to sell
wished to describe more species
his children could do as they wish
with it when he died. He said he
would consider further. It was
"his child" and he could not bring
himself to part with it.

The Calle Floride which is well paved
with asphalt and full of fine shops
is used as a carriage promenade by
the beauty and fashion of B. A.
in the afternoon so that progress on
the sidewalks or across the street
is difficult. The spectacle presented
is rather shocking to a New Englander
at least the procession of overdressed
and hideously be-painted and be-powdered
ghostly to behold and making one
wonder if he has fallen in a land of
courtesans. The faces of the women

though often possessing a certain
beauty of outline and clean cut
features predominating, are mostly
mask-like and expressionless and
one wonders if there is a soul behind
the dark black browed eyes. In figure
they are a great contrast to the amorphous
English and are mostly well formed
and graceful though inclining to
over stoutness with advancing years
The habit of painting seems universal
even girls in their early teens being
subject to the rouge pot. The typical
man of fashion is by no means a
prepossessing specimen and often
tends to grossness and over stoutness
The cultivation of the turned up black
mustachio being an occupation
even more absorbing here than
it is in the Centon city of Berlin.
The mustachio frame which does it
"Chil you sleep" being in apparently
universal use. The young men

are an empty-headed looking set
and the cigarette habit is universal
and continuous among all classes
and ages even among boys of 8-10.
I took the Prensa which I read every
morning at breakfast: very full
foreign telegrams covering a page
the American news mostly insurance
scandals. I was told later that the
Nacion was a better paper and more
reliable but either would be creditable to
any city. I was also told by Hutchinson
though I did not see it that the press
building on the Avenida Mayo was
one of the finest in the world. A
dock strike was in progress while I
was here and although it was so
serious that the city was declared a
state of siege I knew nothing
about it till it was all over. There
was some rioting also but
the authorities seemed quite competent
to deal with these disorders and the police
appeared very efficient. They have

a habit at night at certain hours
of signalling to one another by a
peculiar whistle and one hears the
call taken up in all directions and
echoed throughout the city a practice
which one meets in all cities at least
of Chile and Argentina. The mounted
police are especially fine looking and
beautifully mounted. Many are so dark
that one wonders whether they have
any white blood at all. This large
element of aboriginal blood which is
everywhere in evidence especially in
Chile was a surprise to me.

The monastic habit above mentioned
is fostered by a phenomenon number
of Peluqueras which in the older
parts of the town are often indicated
as I suppose they are in old Spain by a
little brass Mambino's helmet
suspended over the sidewalk on which
by the way it is "prohibido tocar"
the one may apparently winnow in any
recluded corner.

Wednesday Oct. 4. 1905. Did various errands looked over buttes and went again to the gin outside the docks keeping to the right along the dry basin. Along the margin a number of Carabids (Scaenids among them) and some myrmecodid-like staphs under old wheat bags which are thrown out here and burned by thousands. Much filth everywhere and many villainous looking people. A big Foxglove and in a field east of the basin under scattered bags were numerous black wingless scampering roaches and a Brachinus of two with some other beetles. Nothing found on the gravelly river bank outside even under large bits of timber which I turned over.

Thursday Oct. 5. Looking over buttes roads (bottles alcohol medicine etc) former at Droguera Alemanas Piedras 156.) and again along City front Pisos Colon finding much Urophylaxis pulposa and some few other things in dumps.

Friday Oct. 6. 1905. Fine hot day with spring
in full blast. Wisterias in bloom and
grape vines putting out long shoots.
Everything moist and verdant and
moving into bloom and leaf. Went by
appointment with Brethes to the Parque
Tib. meeting him at the Retiro (B. & R.)
station and going thence by train to a
small park just beyond the penitentiary
where we walked north about $\frac{3}{4}$ of
a mile entering the east end of the
park where he promised me plenty of
Galerites and *Pinophilids*. We stopped at
an attractive dump, where the park
refuse leaves and cut grass is unloaded,
just across the F. & C. Centr. Arg. tracks.
Of which I made note as a place for
future operations, and then went in
to low land under large weeping willows
where we grubbed and dug in the ground
and in such things as could be found
but the *Galerites* and *Pinophilids* (the latter
found so abundantly later at Santa Catalina

seemed to have departed for parts
unknown. We found a good many
beetles, however, especially Cryptobii
with a few other elytra and Curculio.
Brethes assured me I should find beetles
swarming here when I returned in March
but though I found this within the next
week or so a favorable ground in
March and April it proved an entomologic
desert. I found some Hymanogaster common
at the base of the willows and a few
other fungi but tagged mostly after Brethes
in hopes of being initiated into the mysteries
of collecting Galerites and Pinophilids with that
result however. Returned to breakfast
at Phoenix and in early P.M. received
a telegram from Dr. Page in Valparaiso
to whom I had written on the Oressa to
inquire as to small pox situation in
Chile. "Continue" from which I ascertained
that he considered it safe for me to carry
out my original plans along the south
Chile coast. It seems very curious

that although people had been dying by
thousands at Valparaiso and elsewhere
during this epidemic I could get no
information about it in B. Aires. Mr.
Davis told me that it was preposterous
that such a lot of things as I had had
described should not exist without
being made much of in the papers
and that anyhow nobody took much
notice of such trifles as small pox here
in S. A. and I conclude they do not. Mr.
Mayne told me he was in the hospital
last year with diphtheria and scarlet fever
and found himself put near half a dozen
cases of bubonic plague. I was told in
Chile that people particularly children were
continually being sent to the lazaretto
with chicken pox or measles and after
the true nature of their disease was
ascertained, left there till they took
the small pox and had either died
or recovered from it.

Saturday, Oct. 7, 1905. Went out to the

same part of the Parque & Fierro in morning taking a roll with me and spending most of the day at my dump and in its vicinity and with the help of a rake and sheet gathered a lot of staphilinids, colebeids and Anthicids as well as a small fox finch. A *Pinophilus* or two. Curious *Tropaeum* *tricolor*. The willows noisy with birds. Bickos, oven bird and magpies. Many English sparrows familiar sound of their scolding & quarrel. A lovely crested crimson flycatcher. Numerous doves. Good Laboul berries.

Sunday Oct. 8. Cool and windy. Cabled Mabel "Amazechile" having decided to go on by next steamer Moran also decided to go there and Hutchinson too expecting to take the same boat. Took noon train to La Plata to see Spegazzini. An interesting ride the environs passed through from the Cese Amoville station

very filthy and showing from what a
slut Buenos Aires is intruding herself.
Suburbs and outlying towns with country
houses and villas with forbidding interiors
and little suggestion of a home within
but nice grounds and gardens full of
all sorts of Arenarias, magnolias, palms
oranges and the multitude of semi-
tropical things that this almost frostless
climate enables the designer to cultivate.
Beyond in the rancher country smaller
settlements or none the deep green
pasture land studded with wildartichoke
and thistles and thousands of cattle
and horses stretching as far as the
eye could reach with here and there
a solitary oasis usually of hacaj
marking the position of some estancia.
The whole country flat and cut into
large sections by wire fences.
Many strange birds - big black and
white cranes, flocks of brown ibis
standing in the marshy places

Hawks and owls and numerous
smaller birds. Many herbs in
blossom strange to me. Rode
to La Plata a little over an hour
La Plata an interesting place in a
condition of "arrested development"
monstrous station building many
public buildings this being the capital
of the Province of Buenos Aires tho'
Buenos Aires itself is the capital
of Argentina. Spegazzini met me
at the station and took me to his house
gathering some Puccinia Argentina
on the way. His house the usual
flat fronted on story streets with
two central ^{small} courts surrounded by
rooms opening into them by doors.
The first court surr. by bedrooms
and the sanctum the back court
entered from it at the left and
connected with the kitchen and
sewerage room etc with a passage
at the left into a disheveled back

yard from which forlorn looking
chickens ducks and dogs were free
to wander into the house and mingle
with the numerous Spezzini
progeny of every age and size the
dwelt within six or eight children the
oldest a shatteringly but not unattractive
looking girl and the oldest son Propile
about 16 or 17 a nice looking boy -

Spezzini took me first into his back
yard where he had various neglected
cacti growing and some other plants.
The whole place struck me as needing
attention from the board of health. S.
found me a bit of Basidiophora
and I picked up a fungus or two and
some moss while S. rummaged with
a big knife in a large pile of rotten
bones in one corner in hopes of
finding Staphylinids for me. We
then in company with Propile started
out for the park and museum getting
a number of fungi on the way

after taking a peep at the Herbarium which (except the Phanerogams which were arranged on shelves) was piled apparently without much order in four or five big boxes. The specimens seemed mostly good as far as I saw them though occasionally scanty, but I gathered that he had no duplicates apparently, collecting only enough of a given species for one good specimen, a procedure which no doubt tends to simplify the study of mycology in a variety of ways. As my time was short I had to hurry through the famous museum where as it was unluckily an off day I merely had a glimpse merely of the rich collection of fossil Amniodella etc. Propolis had asked about in the meantime and got me a number of beetles which he added to a gathering he had previously made for me, promising more anon.

It happened to be election day in L. Plata
and the town was full of people many
were boys in country costume drawn up
on horse back in front of the town house
some picturesque but not a very
attractive looking lot. Returning
I had to hurry to the station reaching
the Estacion Constitucion after
dark - a quarter of the town of
which I knew nothing so that I felt
somewhat lost. Not being able to find
the train I wanted I hailed a cab
and asked the driver what he would
charge to return to the Plaza Mayor. He
replied "Tres pesos", whereupon I stuck
my nose in the air and walked away
when he screamed after me asking how
much I would give. When I said one
peso he cried "pass" get in and off we
went. Walking from the Plaza which
was familiar ground I reached the Moravia
Inn for dinner devoutly wishing that
this diabolical were less of a racket book to me. 7

Monday May 9, 1905. A rainy day
fixing plants in the morning and in
the afternoon to Britton's little work
room up through a little spiral staircase
through a corridor where various bones
and skins were being prepared and then
across a little court on the roof to his
two by two sanct where I spent the
afternoon looking over beetle's floundering
about in French and watching Britton
drink or rather suck Maté through
a siphon tube in the approved manner
of these parts: his assistant a nice
looking young man with bright eyes
and pretty yellow mustache spending
the whole afternoon brewing more
and more cups of maté which Britton
absorbed with great gusto while he
worked. Maté seems to be the great
National production of Uruguay whence
I saw barrels upon barrels in process
of shipment to Chile by the Oriz-
This concoction which one continually

rees in process of suction at upper
balconies especially in Montevideo
of an afternoon, is said to be an
acquired taste and there is further
a superstition, like that which clings
to the Antarctic Caliche (Berberis)
that he who sucks is sure to return
I did not myself taste it. It is
usually drunk out of a calabash or
mate and was formerly known as
yerbe de mate then shortened to mate
and is made from the leaves of various
species of these mostly *S. paraguayensis*.
much grown in Paraguay & the Chaco
as well as Uruguay. Contains similar
principles to tea & coffee (thein & caffeine)
and produces similar results.

Found a few nice Laboulbeniaceae one
on *Ophites Fawcettii*, a very curious
Paedurus-like Staphilinid found by
Brèthes in the Parque de Febrero.

Tuesday Oct. 10. 1906. Spent the morning
about my dump in the Parque T-26.
and set some grass and leaf traps
under the willows. Many beetles
and a number of interesting fungi
a synchytrium on chickweed
a bright brick red discs on the
leaves of *Salicornia* etc. A fine clump
of a *Ravenelia* forming large
but not densely fasciated distortions
on an acacia like tree near the
Palermo station. Some nice
Laboulbenias. Viscous character
of the mud which is very hard to
remove when it has once caked
on ones boots. Looked over things
in afternoon and in evening
dined with Hutchinson and Will.

Wed. October 11. Fine and cold. Went
with Autran in the morning to
the botanic garden where we
saw the director Carlos? Ibay?
a most executive person

judging from the glimpse I had of him - the man who is in charge of the fine park system of the city and evidently entirely competent from him we obtained a permit for myself to collect insects in the Parks with which I felt it was wise to arm myself and I was delighted with the way the business was despatched and Autran, who is of the adhesive kind, chunted off from further destruction of his valuable time. We walked a few minutes in the garden which as yet is no great shakes and then leaving Autran to return to his *Officina* I went to the Parque walking beyond the Palermo station past the military rifle range picking up a few beetles and moths on the way, entering a field beyond at the left where I found several things a distorting *Pronorpura* on a crucifer

a nice *Puccinia*
and *Acidium* on a *Solanaceae*?
host. In a pile of rubbish two
monstrous loads yellow brown
Mora & to see me in the way.

Thursday Oct. 12. 1905. Took a train
at 8.20 for Belgrano the station
beyond Palermo on the F.C.C.A.
A fine warm day. Walked back
across fields etc near which much
digging of basins (in the Park) was
going on. Found a lot of *Uromyces*
vernalis? on an *Allium*. Came
back to some pools across the riding
track and near the Ry beside a young
plantation of *Eucalyptus*. A curious
? *Ordovicia* on an aquatic polygona-
ceous plant big whitish swellings below
water and smaller red *Synchytrium*-
like, when it had run up the stems
A few *Tropisterni* and other aquatic
beetles in one small pool. Walking
thence towards the place where

To and the toads yesterday - across open
pasture with wet places here and there -
came upon a little pool with lovely
Princess feathers and much Sagittaria
and near it a wet place nearly dried
up and full of shrub *Marsilea*.
Another? *Ordovigius* greatly distorted?
? a *Blitum*. Measured one of the
big wild Artichokes which was four
feet across. A Yellow Oxalis here
about and every where abundant
of a pink species.

Friday Oct. 13. A threatening morning
Went up to the Med. School by appoint-
ment to see Mr. Pennington who
is on the point of departing for
Tierra del Fuego, saw Aubrey but
failed to find P. In the afternoon went
out to my Parquetto dump and
also visited my traps gathering in
a considerable harvest of beetles
Found a quantity of the lovely
Acridium graminellum on grass

in the region just across the RR
(South of it) from my dumps i.e.

South of the R_r and E. of the royal pal
avenue. More and in evening -

Saturday Oct. 14, 1905. Warm but fine
with some summer like clouds.

Went in the morning to my *Tropisternus*
pool towards Belgeand. Scraped
out the whole pool and got a number
of *Tropisternus* on a brown species
and also a large *Hydrocharis* both with
Ceratomyxas also *Berosus* with do
A few other small aquatic beetles
one a *Saccophilus*?. These pools
all swarming with a fresh water
snail of every size on which
certain *Chlorophyceae* appear to
be normally epiphytic. The snails
are collected and apparently
largely eaten as one sees the very
often for sale in the streets. They are
guarded from destruction when the
pools dry up as they do in the

summer by being able to draw in
and effectively seal up their chitinous
shield and I found that specimens
collected this day and rolled up dry
in paper were alive in March at
Punta Arenas where they happened to
come across them in my trunk.
Spent five hours getting the beetles
and nearly broke my back. In the
evening Morand appeared with the
dismal news that he had decided to
give up Chile and go back to America
via the Brazil ports and as Hutchinson
was getting very doubtful also whether
we could get away in time I had
to make up my mind to a lonely voyage
through the Straits.

Sunday Oct. 15. Fine warm day the whole
of which was spent in going over
my insect catches and setting
things to rights generally. The
Irish Argentine Chambermaid
much interested in my extraordinary

accumulations." "Thinks riniidia
and-they?" was her comment.

Monday Oct. 15, 1905. Went early, a fine
warm day, to my dump at the Parque
Fibero and gathered a large harvest
both in the dump and my traps under
the willows. I found that by raking
up moist leaves where they lay
thick under the willows and throwing
them quickly on my sheet that I
could get a good many things not
otherwise obtainable - *Ardis torvis*
Clivina, *Hydrophilids*, a *dityscid*
and numerous *Cryptobia*. Found
also a *Tuber* apparently *sitophil*
hardly distinguishable from the
accompanying *Hymenogaster*.

Many nice *Leboulbieria* on this
gathering of beetles. Dined with
Davies.

Tuesday Oct. 17. Went again to the water
beetle pool this side of Belgrand.
and got a good supply of *Tropisternus*
especially the brown one. Exhausted

the pool as well as myself. Returned
by Palermo finding more Hydrophilids
under my willows in hollows where
the leaves were still wet. Return 242.

Wednesday Oct. 18. 1905. Whole day consumed
in going about to bank, P.S.N. Co and
in making preparations for departure
Thursday Oct. 19. Pampers with heavy
rain day and night. Packing and
looking over insects.

Friday, Oct. 20. Rain in the morning
clearing in P.M. when made last visit
to Parque Tib. and made a last gathering
of beetles in my dump. Returning found
a large bottle of beetles collected at
La Plata. Many preparation for
departure. Hutchinson and Wills
departed for Bahin Blanca.

Saturday Oct. 21. Great scramble to get
things packed. Did up my beetles and
plants to leave with Mr. Davis at the
officina Meteorologica. Departed
at five after seeing everybody. The

baggage porter attended to my baggage
and met me with at the Darssenn
Sud where he undid me to the extent
of \$3 which he said he had to pay to
get my two trunks from the Phoenix
yet when I returned with three ^{to a bag} paid the
same express \$2 whence I knew that my
friend the porter both lied and stole and
regretted that I had tipped him. The
amiable clerk at Wilson and Son's Co
had secured me a lettered cabin in
answer to my appeals and I found my
quarters clean and nice and the
"Venus" a larger and far better boat
We started at six and dinner was
at once announced. I found
myself seated among a lot of jabbering
Dagos and determined to plunge
at once by addressing my neighbor
in my best dagos which however I
was almost immediately forced
to drop for broken french. My
neighbor at the right extracted

from me such of my personal history
and purposes as interested him and
communicated it to the people opposite
as he did so finally asking me what the
number of my cabin was. I told him 14
and that I was alone whereupon he
said that was his letter also and the
event proved that he was to be my roommate.
He was very polite - gave me his card
which I have lost and sought me out
to say adieu when we reached
our destination. I cracked up B. Aires
and Argentina to the full length of my
vocabulary, chided and chid at the docks
and the Avenida Mayo, till I was
positively ashamed of myself -
Dinner very good and a good night
sleep with fine weather.

Sunday Oct. 22. 1905. A lovely day with
the breeze off shore so that the bay
was calm: reaching Montevideo
about five o'clock. Arose early
without disturbing my slumbering

Dago. While I was sitting in the stern awaiting the P. S. N. C. tug suddenly looked up and saw standing before me a rather short individual - with a reddish somewhat mottled face pointed bottle-nose red moustache somewhat vinous small eyes with his hands in his pockets so that both his coats stuck out like a tail behind and his hat tilted back as only a subject of the claret and stripes can tilt a hat - who asked some question as to the probability of our ever getting out to the "Oropesa" and then entered into conversation in which it transpired that he was a New Yorker coming originally from Montana and a graduate of the Sheffield Scientific School on his way to Chile to inspect a copper mine just south of Santiago. After waiting some time the P. S. N. tug at last appeared

and we were informed that as the
"Oropesa" would not sail till afternoon
we were to lounge in Montevideo and
breakfast at the Grand Hotel Oriental
taking a tiny cab for the steamer.
So Rogers and I disembarked together
at the custom house and I marvelled
to see how a man with far less dago
than I possessed and with absolutely
no conception of pronunciation could
get on and get what he wanted far
better than I could - showed out
his back hands in pockets and
combination tail wagging behind from
side to side as he sped from place to
place with a short-quick jerky step.
After making a few enquiries and
depositing our things at the Oriental
a barn like place where one could
imagine the bedbugs oozing from
beneath the bedroom doors (though
it was clean enough and there no
doubt very good) Rogers and I spent

the hour before breakfast up in a pretty little park we found nearby where there were some seats and well grown Arancaries, Palms, Yucca, Magnolia etc. Here I learned Rogers' history and as the breakfast hour approached we returned to the hotel and partook of very good fish omelette etc in a general café in company with other passengers destined for the Oropesa. Learning that the Oropesa would not sail till evening we determined to see something of the environs and went for information to Wilson Sons where we found Mr. Edwards of the Orien who was very polite, and were advised by a pretty English Uruguayan boy to go out to the Prado and given directions as to the proper train to take and its Prado Combinacion. Rogers got a little money changed and we set forth. The day was

lovely though growing hot in the sun
and Montevideo presented an aspect
quite unlike my first impression of
last month an aspect due in part to
the cheerful sun, partly to a liberal
application of paint and wash which
went far to diminish the general
dinginess of things - but perhaps more
to the presence of a friendly companion
of my own "race" whom I found a
very godsend despite the fact that
he kept making me so creepy crawly
continually by his speech and actions.
The gardens were lovely as we
chattered out, one especially, full of
pink rose vines, and changing in
front of the executive mansion into
a little "combinacion" tram we were
dropped at the end of a long and
handsome avenue of Eucalyptus
leading to a pretty bridge and stream
with the Prado gate beyond. Walking
along on the right of this avenue

I found quantities of *Acidum*
gramineum or *graminellum* is it.
and also two *Smuts* (one *u. bomivora*?
When we reached the park Rogers
being somewhat exhausted betook
himself to a settle while I poked
about. Everything was lovely like
our early June and the park was
charming its low rolling hills being
an agreeable relief from the
everlasting flatness about B. Aires
I found a nice smut on a low grass
producing a spherical white
distortion also a nice rust on
Allium. Not daring to spend too much
time we soon returned to our little
train reaching the hotel about three
where we found that our trip was to
leave for the Tropes at 4 which
meant half past. Made acquaintance
with a young Englishman bound for
Valparaiso

Finally we got off and were transported

to the Orpesa which we found in a perfect
state from coaling, black from end to end
and in great disorder. We were in some
trepidation about our baggage and finding
the purser (whose features were fast
disappearing in a fresh colored adipose
facial accumulation) cultivating his
waxed mustachios and unoccupied
we ventured to ask him some question
whereupon he practically told us it was
none of his business to answer our question
and turning on his heel left us to
hunt up the first officer who was civil
the long enduring and from whom I
discovered that the baggage was all in
the hold including my steamer trunk
which however was rescued next day.
Rogers and I concluded to share an
inside stateroom much larger
than mine of the Orissa and in the absence
of immigrants sufficiently well venti-
lated for a cool weather voyage.
Rogers had double b's in the lower berth in

Monday Oct. 23. 1905. My steamer trunk
unearthed from hold at last. A
fine day, going into a fog at night
with change of wind and temperature.

Tuesday Oct. 24 when mercury down
to 50° and a penetrating chill. No
warm place on board. The Puerto
Arenas people complaining if steam
was turned on in the smoking room
so I walked to keep warm till I nearly
dropped. Rogers was too funny scampering
about with his coat tails wagging and
his hands in his pockets making himself
greatly disliked by his fellow passengers
and not getting his warmth for all his
efforts. Cleared in P.M. with fine sunset
and continued cold.

Wednesday Oct. 25. Partly cloudy and if
any thing colder than yesterday the
mercury 52° in my stateroom so that
the only thing to do was to put on two
sets of winter underclothes and then
when I did walked till it was a question

of stopping or dropping returning to my
cabin and taking to the sofa under
all the blankets I could muster until
I gradually got warmed through thoroughly.
The doctor advising me strongly to do
so, I got vaccinated for the fourth time
today - twice in July, once in the "Orissa"
where Dr. Rudge put my arm into slacks
(before blowing in the virus with his mouth
from a sealed tube). The Oropesa virus
was asserted to be the best ever used by
the doctor almost every inoculation having
been successful. But as in the previous
cases absolutely no result was produced
in my case not even a redness.

I felt very much at home on the Oropesa -
it being an exact duplicate of the Orissa -
but no one spoke to me and I was
content to stick to Rogers and pass the
time of day occasionally with people
whom I addressed including the young
Englishman met at Montevideo.
Rogers comedians was almost too

much for me (not that he used his knife as he should not or committed other gross acts of savagery. but he worked his meals from the elbow as it were and had a habit of dropping his knife and fork suddenly and simultaneously on the table and manipulating things as if he were using a typewriter and pushing his plate and other table fixtures away when he had finished with some remarks appropriate to his sensations of repletion and the quality of the meal, that always set me shivering. Yet he had a nice nature kindly and human and in marked contrast to his English ship companions.

Thursday Oct. 26. 1905. We reached Port Stanley in the west Falkland early in the morning and were at anchor when I got up. The weather was threatening and the winds howling and the barren island running back

to hills and low mountains obscured in
clouds very forbidding with little
suggestion of habitable land. The
harbor completely landlocked, with
a few ships, mostly dismantled
derelicts at anchor, with the little
rather quaint looking town beyond
running up a hillside and along the
shore. After breakfast I took the seedy
little tug that was on hand to convey
passengers ashore for a consideration
and we were landed on an old
derelict through which we had to
pass to get on the little wharf and
which like its sisters out at anchor
was vividly suggestive of the consequen-
ces which attend navigation in these
latitudes an impression greatly
enhanced by the threatening clouds
that were gathering inland and the
wind which rushed screaming at us
as it seemed from all points of the
compass at once. I dodged Rogers

who was bent on buying out the
local supply of winter underclothes
and inquiring my way went to
the right in search of the governors
residence. There were several small
and decent looking inns one for
sailors a shop or two and some
houses of goodly size with glass
conservatories and breathing an air
of comfort and homeliness.
It had evidently been very dry judging
from the grass but rain began to fall
as I walked ~~on~~ ^{on} and things around
a greener air of freshness, English
daisies and dandelions blooming
profusely along the road and large
bushes of spiny gorse beginning to
open its yellow blossoms. It was
raining hard and horizontally as I
reached the gov's house which I found
a good sized comfortable ~~looking~~
English looking affair with a large
glass conservatory in front toward
the ~~side~~ ^{back} of Calcutta being finely

The harbor, with a walled vegetable
and "fruit" garden behind and several
barns and out buildings - the whole
detached from the main village
across a considerable common.

I found Mr and Mrs. Allardyce very
cordial and agreeable and was
ushered into a civilized drawing
room opening on the conservatory
with a piano, books, pictures and
at one end a cozy peat fire burning
in a grate. Two nice little girls
came in with their governess and
Mr. Allardyce suggested that they
should go out and hunt mosses with
me as it was only misting outside
so out they went in the drizzle with
a little basket and after that lunched a
few minutes with the Allardyces
& followed them out up the hillside
behind the house where we got
a few lichens and mosses and a few
blossoms of a pretty whitish *Trichomanes*
and cared for by a gardener from Kent.

flower with grass like leaves
which appeared to be the only native
plant then in blossom. As it soon
began to rain I sent the children back
and poked about under my umbrella
which however did little good as
the rain fell not from above. Up
among the rocks I came upon the
bog balsam of which I had read so
often (*Bolan glaberrima*) a beautiful
plant of delicate and agreeable
color much subject to the attack
of a fungus which beginning at a
given point spreads till it involves
the whole cushion like plant. There
were many crustaceous lichens
on the rocks (including *Buellia* *georgei*)
and I saw enough others mostly
sterile brown in color that this would
be an interesting region enough to
use as a worth while advantage in
connection with the algae. Under
loose stones too I found a number

of Carabids which I had to do up in
paper in the rain having no bottle so
that I eventually lost some of them.
^{Several forms in bad shape at this season}
Owing to the drought which Allardyce
said had been with them for more
than a month, as well as to the early
season, few moths were in fruit
and I obtained only one or two. As it
soon began to pour I had in all only a
few minutes for collecting which was
a little trying when I thought that in all
probability I should never see foot on
the island again. I dined with the
Allardyses at one being introduced to
a Falkland islander and his wife who
were fellow passengers on the Crocosea
and after talking a while and doing
up my things I said goodbye with
many regrets to these kind people and
the two dear little girls (who promised
to catch me beetles) and went back
through the village stopping to make
a short call at the home of Mr. J. J.

Mellon, large comfortable home
with past four large garden in front
and conservatory, and then continued
to the wharf where I found the last
boat about to start a vagabond young
man (going out to be a petty officer
on some West Coast P.S.M. boat)
making me room for the amusement
of the crowd by gesticulating and
signalling to me wildly as I hoove in
sight though we had been a full
half hour before we eventually
departed. Nereocystis along the
shore and divers algae about the
wharf and hulk which I could not
reach the tide being high. Mrs. Allardyce
was trying to get together a collection
of island productions among them
algae and had just received a box
of the latter from some dweller in the
remotest part of the islands - all one
species not mounted and mixed up
with animals.

At about five we weighed anchor and went out in a tiering gale passing several islands covered with the famous Falkland Islands tussac grass looking like a tall fluffy shrub and presenting a very striking appearance covering the islands completely. Few birds were visible though there are Penguin rookeries near Port Stanley and geese are so abundant that 150,000 were killed ⁽¹⁹⁰³⁾ two years since because they eat the grass enough to make serious inroads on the sheep pasture. The Oropesa like the Orissa wonderfully staunch for more so than much larger boats I have been on and one was not sorry to be on such a boat in the weather we went out into. I was starting a cold with sore throat (which ran a long course up and down finally leaving me not till after my return to Concepcion) and as for Rogers he was in a state

(though he left him much sooner)
consuming large quantities of Las
Pastillas de Brown (Boston), of which
I later obtained a supply and found
very effective ~~later~~. I found Rogers
sincere in his recent purchases (he
said they had but one size for all the
world) and his writing in a sense of
warmth though squinting under the
irritation caused by prickly wool.

Friday Oct. 27. 1905 Cold gale with high sea

Saturday Oct. 28. Fine and cold. Found that we
were well along in the eastern Straits of
Magellan. The south edge of Patagonia
on the right - a steep descent to the
sea capped with snow and black brown
and forbidding; approaching the second
narrows with the bold earth
cliffs of Cape in Sierra
del Fuego looming ahead on the
left. A lonely sheep station with
red roofed building below the snow
cap on the Patagonia side

very suggestion of the kind of life the
denizens of these dreary wastes must
lead. Passing through the second
narrow we started across the bay-like
enlargement to which it gives access
and about noon came in sight of the
low lying and extensively spreading
corrupted iron town of Punta Cereno
lying at the left of a sandy spit (Sandy
Point) marked by a tall black and white
"pyramid" with a background of dull
green wooded hills and snow capped
mountains (the highest not 2000 ft)
in a setting of dead forest running to
the south and north as far as one could
see and extending back to and up on
the hills a distance of perhaps ³ four
miles, across a tract of comparatively
level land that must have been covered
with a fine forest judging from the size
of the whitened skeletons which cover
it. The roadstead where we dropped
anchor perhaps a mile or less out.

is an open one with clear water
east to Tierra del Fuego the barren
hills and mountains of which are
clearly seen, flecked with cloud
shadows that look like tree masses,
twenty miles away and south
to Cape Horn and the southern
tip of the continent, a long reach
of water extending as far as one can
see down to the then snow covered
mountains of Dawson Island with
the ever snow capped ^{noted} summit of
Mr. Sarmiento rising behind it at
the right from the south western
arm of Tierra del Fuego, a stretch
of water capable of kicking up a
nasty sea if the wind gets into the
S.E. which rarely happens as far
as my experience showed, though
a nasty chop that makes landing
~~the~~ very disagreeable or impossible
often comes over the twenty miles
of water to the east. Fortunately the

wind was off shore as we dropped anchor about 12.30 and after lunch I took a boat with various others landing at the end of a long iron pier suitable for small boats or tugs only and starting from the shore just opposite the "Kosmos" hotel of which there is often made, a two story wooden barn like building with a long south extension like a two decked bowling alley. I joined Rogers and our Montevideo English men but as they were bent on souvenirs and postals and the post office I left them to stroll up behind the town ascending a hill behind the Plaza with a large cross atop where though it was a most inviting place except for the fine view down the Straits over the desert of corrugated iron roofs. I picked up a plant or two the beautiful holly leaved ^{B. australis} barberry in blossom here and the Califete covered with old

acidium distortions, a few bits of
moss and lichens - a caterpillar
looking like an acronyctus but probably
near Gestropacha or the Califate.

Having agreed to meet my friends I did
not explore further but returned in
search of them. I should have said that
before ascending to the cross I stopped
at the office of Brammy Blanchard
who keeps a general store on the north
side of the place and introduced myself
to Moritz Braun who is our "consul"
(a Chilean german who I think never
saw america) the Bridges agent from
whom I wished to get information as to the
Nahuana boat. I was favorably impressed
with him though I learned later that he was
not much above the general level of the
Punta Arenas scene - a rich man with
many irons in the business fire and
getting richer hourly. He told me the
departure of the boat was uncertain
but that if I would telegraph him from N.
News of first revolution at Santiago. Said to

Click he would let me know when I might
be likely to catch one. Being unable to
find my companions I returned to
the wharf where I waited, lest I should
miss them and keep them waiting.
Finally they appeared and we
embarked in our boat on which we
had bargained for a return trip. At
midnight we got started once more
and went on very early next morning
Sunday Oct. 29th 1885, we were going
through the narrow part of the western
strait a most godforsaken spectacle
in the cold dull morning the
scraggly beach woods running up no
great distance ^{100 or 200 feet} with snow above
and rising behind on both sides but
mostly hidden by ~~rising~~ clouds
higher snow covered mountains
The beach forest here dense olive and
very disappointingly rather stunted
and much blown. Having stood
the wind and bitter cold as long as I
be (or killed).

could I went to bed again to get warm. After breakfast the scenery or what little the driving clouds permitted us to see, grew much finer and we had a pretty good look at "Glacier Bay" ^{with the north side} with its ~~sweeping~~ glaciers running up in a sweeping curve till it was lost in the mists. also a few fine bits of blue green glaciers and striking summits at the south side some time before we came to Glacier Bay. Soon the weather shut in thick and cut off all view and we passed out into the Pacific into a howling gale and tremendous sea about four o'clock. ^{children & horses in} about 4 o'clock. ^{lost 2 goats & garden}

Monday Oct. 30. 1905. A horrid day very cold with tremendous sea and squally gale after a very rough night. The "Oropesa" however behaving finely. Albatross and Cape pigeons becoming plentiful today and

Tuesday Oct. 31. Thousands of the latter all over the ocean as well as the

ugly dull brown "Cape Hens" and various other birds. The day very much the same. Wednesday Nov. 1. 1905. A fine bright day with little wind and much warmer the mercury getting up to 59° in my cabin. Rogers and I determined to get off at Coronel and go up to Santiago via Concepcion by rail which would enable me to see Reed with whom I had corresponded as well as to take a look at the region in general.

Thursday Nov. 2. Anchored in the roadstead of Coronel and went ashore in company with a young German who was going on to Valparaiso via Santiago. Seen the country continuing then north to Iquique. Hillsides green ground or covered with low trees and shrubbery much red earth. The impression of a first landing in Chile (for one does not think of P. Arenas as really Chile) are not pleasing, the general dirt delapidation and squalor, a great contrast to ones first

impression of the Argentine as gained
from B. Aires and looking at the people
one feels as if he were landed in a
paradise of cutthroats and does not
wonder that the traveller is almost
universally advised to carry a
revolver. After a perfunctory
examination of our baggage at the
custom house, five of these same
cutthroats piled our baggage on a
funny little truck which they
dragged up a roughly paved street
to the railway station where a
gesticulating and somewhat pudgy
baggage master charged us exorbitantly
for our trunks which were finally
loaded on while we betook ourselves
to a crowded car full of "cripples"
and gesticulating degos, and 8.40
we started with a bump for the
metropolis of Concepcion. The ride
was intensely interesting but though
I did not get a seat next the window

and I never saw so many lovely
flowers in so short a distance as
were blooming in the sterile flat land
that form a sandy plain here
stretching from the bush covered hills
to the sea and covered with a clumpy
growth of stunted trees giving a
semi park like effect with occasional
mushy ponds and Polygon ~~ditches~~
as well as sand dune areas where
I saw growing for the first time the
curious ~~plant~~ *Puya coarctata*
then in its perfection sending up its
very peculiar formal flower clusters
of greenish flowers on a stalk four to
eight or more feet tall some thing like
a century plant from base of clustered
yucca like leaves armed with recurved
spines. Scarlet *Loranthaceae* perit?
or various plants. A beautiful rose
colored or white *O. myrica*
another *O. myrica* like a
monstrous crocus etc. Coming to San Pedro
which consists of our little ~~own~~ home and
nucleus

thud, we crossed a long bridge over
Rio Bio river through a little tunnel
past some low pools with Saggiatori
and round into the Concepcion station
Here we found a minion of the
Hotel where we had been advised to go
and as the Estacion del Estado where
we should have to take the evening
train for Santiago was some distance
off we concluded to take our baggage
which was sent in a cart while
we ourselves were driven in a
most dilapidated covered "hack";
This looked as if it swarmed with every
pathogenic germ of the epidemic
calendar and rattled as if its final
dissolution were at hand, and drove
through clouds of dust that lay a
foot deep in the unpaved & squalid
quarters near the station, where
one could picture every filthy disease
ever heard of rampant. Then to
a rattling pavement past filthy

Domiciles with open drains oozing into the streets across the sidewalks and from under the front door sill. Thence onto the main street running from the central station to the Plaza where the main business part is situated and the buildings have a good appearance three minutes drive to the plaza itself on which to the ^{west?} east the hotel about.

Here we had some bad coffee and bread after which I went in search of the Museo Nacional where I hoped to find Reed (Edwin C.) Following my directions I went out several blocks and inquiring of policemen and others could find no one who had ever heard of such a place till finally inquiring of a man who was just stepping from his door, he pointed across the street and advised me to try at a certain door. As I touched the bell the inner door opened and I saw before me

a tall gaunt ^{gray-} yellow faced man
with a large and long full beard
somewhat scraggy and stained yellow
with tobacco smoke, with light
grey eyes and a characteristic way
of raising the eye brows in a semicircular
wrinkles radiating from the eyes
and a general look of having been
~~disoriented~~ after a protracted period
of burial - dressed in a long thick
ulster coming to the ground and
holding a large cane and supported
by a large bean pot hat. An inquiry
for "El Sr. Reed" elicited the infor-
mation that this apparition was
Reed himself just on the point
of going out and after a cordial
greeting he took me into his
sanctum for the appearance of
which he apologized - and indeed
it was in rather a mess, covered
with dust to its remotest corner
and strewn with papers books

volters and junk of all kinds, with a
glass front bookcase on a shelf of
which I spied the scarlet binding of a
Harvard catalogue that I had mailed
him. I saw various guns and other
armament about and found that
he was a good deal excited over the
Santiago riots and invasion of rioters
from over the bridge, as I understood
him, having been thought imminent,
for which he had prepared. After
some talk in which he advised me
to try this place for my first station
and promising to take me out to
a pretty bit of wood if we had
time in the afternoon, we went out
together and met his son a "professor"
of biology at the Quinta Agronomica
here, who after Reed left me, took
me to the Plaza to show me where
I could get *Tropisternus* in the
Plaza fountain, where I proceeded
to bottle what I could need.

noticing also some *Dityscids* and
a *Coris* and ascertaining that
the *Tropesterini*, which young Reed
told me were all glabre the only
Chileno species, were beset with
Ceratomyces. I had invited Reed
to breakfast with us and in due
time he appeared and we partook
of a very poor almuerzo consisting
greasy *Casuela* and *puncheros* etc.

Reed took very kindly to friend
Rogers particularly to his cegars
which were of a brand not often
consumed by the director. He tried
to pump Rogers as to his objective
in Chile but found that he was not
succulent under the process. I discovered
on my return what his object was, for
as soon as we were gone there
appeared in one of the Concepción
papers a column devoted to the
distinguished ^{american} mining expert
and the equally distinguished

american university professor who
were passing through our city. I did
not see the article but heard about
it as well as of another which
appeared after my return to call
attention to myself — and the director.
After breakfast we took a horse tram
second class on top, transferring opposite
the station to an H. Pedro Valdivia car
in which we proceeded up river
through clouds of dust and much
filth nearly to the end of the route
disembarking at a corner where
there was a quinta with nice grounds
about it. This was my first experience
of a Chileno tram and the Chileno
woman tram conductor usually
looking like a full blooded indian
wearing a stiff flat brimmed straw
hat and a white apron with
a little black bag strung over the
shoulder to hold tickets (which
are given out everywhere in S. Ch.

when the fare is paid and must
be preserved for presentation to
any "inspector" who may board
the car, but is thrown away as
soon as one dismounts. This
conductor passed the time during
our ride leaning through the rear
window and surveying the passengers
within the car. The "bit of wood" we
were going to belonged to a Mr. Iden
an Englishman whose house we
passed on the left as we went up
from the train. We could see before us
at the end of the road steep hillsides
clothed in part with introduced ^{Peruvians} pine
doing finely by the way and much planted
and beyond up what seemed to be a
ravine, with native vegetation of
considerable size. At the end of the road
we came to a turnstile below a sign
which announced that it was prohibido
entree through which we passed
and following one of several paths and

in the hillside came at once upon an entirely ~~new~~ unfamiliar vegetation extending on either side of a brook way, cut deep through the hills and appearing to run back indefinitely. Here all was fresh and verdant on the often dripping wet banks which were clothed with mosses and hepatics (mostly *Anthoceros*) and hung with the lovely delicate purple flowers of *Calceolaria purpurascens*, pretty blue violets growing on perennial shrubs several feet high and various other flowers while down in the brookway and extending up the hillsides in dense thickets the solid bamboo *Chusquea Zinle* was growing luxuriantly - too luxuriantly as I found to my cost before I was done with this locality. The trees seemed varied and were often much beset with epiphytes among which an Gesneriaceous plant with scarlet *Sarniente repens*.

flowers and little fat round pendent leaves was conspicuous. We had but a moment to look at this entrance as it appeared to be, to a botanical paradise and were obliged to turn back almost immediately in order to arrive in time for our train. I gathered a few things - an *exobasidium*, a *Thelyphora* on earth, a *Dimerisporium* on *Calceolaria* and some hepatics & mosses, with a lovely little *Hymenophyllum* fern that grew in mats on the wet banks and turned away with great reluctance and with vivid pictures in my mind of the crowds of fungi which I felt were must be revealed to the searcher in this lovely spot which I resolved should be my first tramping ground on this side of the Cordillera. Read strutted along directing his conversation principally to the eminent mining expert, a pompous man with quite his share

of self conceit, yet of a very kindly
nature and a wide experience of a
kind. He told us (^{double barrelled} producing a
^{ancient type} loaded pistol from his pocket) that he
never went out unarmed and that
he should shoot any one whose
purpose he saw was to attack, without
the slightest hesitation and added
that he should "leave the body" for the
proper authorities to discover and
say nothing about it to anybody. He
advised me to do likewise and chips
Dogs came. I should have mentioned
that he took me round to another Hotel
before we started, the Wachler Centre
and introduced me to Herr Wachler
who gave me a very reasonable price
for monthly board ($\$80.$ ^{= $2.6 + 40c$}) and as the place
looked more attractive than the other
we breakfasted and Reed said the table
was far better I determined to go there
if I returned. Reed told me that the
small pon did not seem to be

increasing to an alarming extent and there were only between forty and fifty cars in the legarettos, yet I thought it desirable to have Dr. Pages opinion on the situation before finally deciding to stay here. The "Professor" took us down to the large market where we purchased some very nice oranges but were unable to find any of the "Polyporei" which he told me were sold there in large numbers especially in September being strong on green stems. From his description I gathered that the Polyporei were Cytheris and I regretted very much that it was too late for them. On our return to town we took a "cab" with our bags directly to the station and after some delays got our things marked for Santiago having secured places in the "Dormitorio" a somewhat seedy Pullman. When we came to take possession of our places

Rogers found this horror that his number was 13, and though he vowed he was not a bit superstitious he got it changed saying that he had had an experience of fatalities in the west once which followed sleeping in a 13 compartment as a result of which he was determined not to tempt fate in the way again. I may mention that I am not in the least superstitious yet I never offered to exchange with him. For some reason, probably because I do not in general use my nose as a vehicle for speech, there has been almost invariably between us an Englishman on this journey Rogers was remarking on the feet and had remarked that in his own experience he never talked two minutes with anybody who did not end by saying "Well, you're an American". "I don't know how on Earth they know" says Rogers "but they all seem to." We had some hours of daylight after starting and I found it intensely interesting to look at the vegetation out of the car.

windows as we steamed up along the
Bis Bis river. For the first time I
saw Fuschias growing wild. A
lovely crinoid anemone was also
conspicuous and many other things -
The country which light rested, hilly,
the slopes rather steep and mostly
bare or cultivated (sometimes with
vineyards) with bushy trees mostly
and few woods that were worthy of
the name except near Concepcion
itself. We stopped after it was dark -
about eight - at a small station
when we had a very poor and very
greasy dinner à la carte. Even Rogers
could not go the soup. Soon after
starting we turned in and when I got
up early in the morning of

Friday Nov 3, we were running up the
"central valley", some few hours ride
south of Santiago. Rogers who had
had a wire from his mining people
at San Carlos finding that the train

was going to stop there concluded to
disembark and had the train in an uproar
over his trunk. It was at the bottom of the
pile and it was impossible absolutely
to disentangle it and besides there was
not time, yet it was astonishing to
see how these insuperable difficulties
faded and completely disappeared under
the magic influence of a couple of pesos
"Corn purnijisso" says Rogers reaching
for his bag from under the feet of a fellow
passenger: and bidding me a hurried
adieu ^{and promising to write me} he disappeared through the vestibule
and the last view of him as we moved
away, was his familiar combination
coat tails wagging to and fro as he trotted
down the platform beside the nice looking
American superintendent of the mine.
I felt quite deserted and alone without
Rogers, and appreciated more than ever
what his kindly American companionship
ableness had been to me these last few
days past.

The ride to Santiago was very interesting despite the fact that the returning Sec. of Legation to London (I forget his name) had bribed the engineers to catch the Valparaíso train and our speed was somewhat reckless. The snowy Cordillera to the east and lower hills to the west, the central valley wider or narrower below Santiago very fertile and irrigated the rows of immense Lombardy poplars the most striking feature: at one place where it narrowed some hills to the east covered with cacti and other Xerophytic vegetation but the hill vegetation mostly *Erubry* (Cacicie) and stunted looking. As the passengers began to emerge from their night quarters I offered a seat in my compartment to a Chilean who proved to be an aborigine of Concepcion with whom I carried on a flowing conversation in the Days tongue. Showed me samples of "anthracite" coal from Talcahuano and copper ore was very plentiful and piloted me to a cab and explained the intricacies of trunk transfer to me when we reached Santiago at 8 A.M. in hour late

Drove directly to the Hotel Oddo where the proprietor, a tall disheveled Frenchman in a dressing gown showed me to a room opening on a well but sufficiently clean and comfortable though resonating day and night with bellowing and snorting phonographs. It adjoined an arcade running thro' the centre of the block. Went to bank of Japan in A.M. and in P.M. saw Minister Hicks and Mrs. Ames. Went down by train to Santa Monica in P.M. and saw Philipps -

1870

1871

1872

1873

1874

On Thursday Jan 18. 1906 I left
the little wharf at Corral and was
conveyed to the Kosmos steamer Edgen
by my old friend "impossible" whom I
paid \$2⁵⁰ for transporting me and my
precious trunks to the steamer. The Tabernor
the big red edged horse flies, pursuing
even to the boat and at 2.30 we weighed
anchor and I entered on the third chapter
of my South American experiences not
without a sense of relief that I was in
a way turned homeward, though I was
sailing south. The weather which had been
somewhat threatening in the morning and
owing to a sudden change of wind to the
N.W. was rapidly manufacturing a pall
of fog on the hills along the north side
of the estuary - cleared in the afternoon
and I had a chance to see the shore which
I had missed at my first early arrival
in fog and rain 5 A.M. Nov. 27th.

First - the Hotel Amargo, why bitter I could
not learn - with its windowless (shuttered)

bar-like dormitory and pretty
curves of beach sweeping to the old
Spanish fort and beyond the shore
along which I had so often walked to
the lagoon ground - then the last fort -
beyond it a curve of rocky shore
where most of my gatherings took place
then the region of pudding rock and
caves. - the last one inhabited by
Indians, ~~then~~ the with its pudding stone
monument in front then the deep narrow
gorge that had stopped my further progress
then steep slopes and cliffs inhabited by
gulls and divers other birds and then the
open sea and in view of the thickly
wooded hills stretching south with an
occasional indication of ruins prominent
one especially not very miles from
the Cape with large houses: beyond
a beach with bird lined white rocks
at its southern end the the end of
the Rio Bueno where ^{lives} my fellow passenger
on the boat with the baby just opened

we in Sulper also for rupture of the brain
that the coast receding till little was
visible in the growing twilight. The ship
a good ship with very good accommodation
for first class passengers of whom there were
little more than a dozen. Large cabins with
dark drapes and each with dark outside.
and a good little deck with good anchorage
any one.

Friday the 19th Jan was a fine
day with a marvellous sunset quite
beyond any I have seen in variety and beauty
of changing color and cloud effect. The dirty
green color of this Pacific water a great
contrast to the blue Atlantic and reminding
me of the dirty color taken on by the latter
as one nears the mouth of the St. Lawrence
and the fresh water contamination becomes
evident. During the night a recurrence
of my miserable locked symptoms working
with both arms and a foot "sleep".

Saturday Jan 20 The weather not so good as we approached the focus of all bad weather the west entrance to the Magellan Straits. The snow capped tops of the Eastern Cordillera visible to the east between squalls and a part of the many islands of the Chonos Archipelago. which was told by my friend Enfield the Kosmos agent we should be sure to traverse in 5 days this channel he was showing that this is now never done by the larger boats if it can be avoided. The mountains of this region much more jagged than those about Corral.

Sunday Jan 21. A high sea (but not to be compared with the into which we came on my first introduction to the "Pacific") and rain squalls with increasing wind. In the afternoon came in sight of the "Evangelista" ~~flats~~ rocks one of which is a high tower known by a Dutchman and on the southern end of the southernmost a very perfect profile of a sphinx lies at one point.

showing black against a background of yellow
rock. The light house a target for all
the devil weather ever brewed. The light
house - steamer was told having sometime
to send shells for weeks in a neighboring
rock of the Archipelago before it is
possible to land supplies on the lee side
of the island, bold with steep rounded
cliffs of no great height the land capped by a
patch of green. The captain evidently
relied to have a right of the guardians
of the about two sisters to Doyle & Cherry who
which we passed about 7 P.M. since it
gave him much trouble for hitting the
cannon without which he told me he
sometimes was forced to lay to for even 3 days
in thick weather. It was here about this
not long since a N. Zealand steamer broke her
shaft and went on the rocks. The Capt. also
told me that in the strait when snow squalls
make it impossible to see he puts his helm hard
down and loads revolvers so that when land pears
ahead he has nothing to show off. No Capt. or crew
mentioned this seemed to suppose it was an

expedient saying that in the narrow
straits the wind almost invariably blows
up or down them and it was safer to
depend on this as a guide coupled with a
certain instinct which the navigator
in these parts acquires which warns him
of the imminence of land.

Monday Jan 22^d A thick night during which
I felt very far from well, and was startled by
repeatedly by the ill timed cessation of the
propeller. The weather being bad and no
chance for photographs I lay abed and was
only as we were approaching Cape Horn
but yet by a favoring lift of the clouds
able to see the high forest to better
advantage than on my first passage
in some places a magnificent forest
especially about a day or two not many
miles from the Cape. The wind blows bushes
with horizontal tops more striking on some
of the points running into the straits than
any other wind about here I ever saw.
Cape Horn and the southernmost tip of the

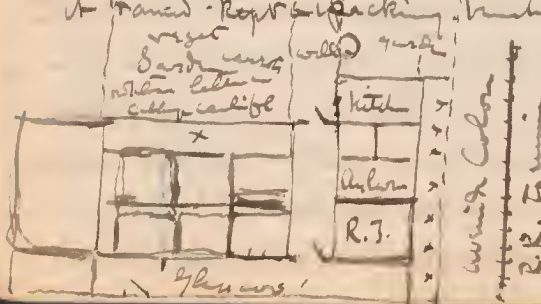
Turned at 10.30 while Deas being
examined in my stateroom by the Ship's
doctor who bore the ill-sounding name of Kenzie
and proved to have studied with Prof Shute
in Japan - yet seemed a competent sort
advising me to be careful not to strain my
back or overdo in any way and to go
not too far from civilization and doctor.
his diagnosis "New motor nerve strain".
Along Tamir reach much fine forest
on flat land and snow capped not very
high mountains on some the ^{low} snow caps
edged below by "alpine gardens" of a most
vivid green and very tantalizing to
behold. Near the middle of the afternoon
the fringe of ghostly burnt forest which stretches
as far as we can see N. and S. from Point
Arenas came in sight and about 4 P.M.
we cast anchor off this corrugated
town, which as so often happens with
places seen for the second time looked
much less uninviting than when I first
beheld it at noon of Oct. 28.

The Kosmos like other steamers in this
part are obliged to let passengers shift
for themselves when embarking or disembarking
and they are consequently the victims of all
sorts of rapacity on the part of the portmen.
These are usually as at Punta Arenas in
league or all part of a consistent whole
company or organization and here the
special dodge is to agree to a reasonable
price on board or on the wharf, and when
the transfer is accomplished over their
heads has been a mistake or misunderstanding
and demand twice as much. Thus I made
a bargain with a man to take me and my
trunks for \$3 (about 90) and on arriving
six was due and did the first man as was
said having no authority to make a
price. After some words and to avoid a
further scene I paid \$4 and told them I
should not give one centavo more in
which they finally acquiesced with many
shrieks. Then getting hold of a magnificent
animal of a Frenchman after waiting

nearly an hour in the drizzle till my
trunks should arrive he piloted me
conveying my baggage ^{for 2.50} in a two-wheeled
cart to Mrs. Kinnaird, Casa Scott,
Avenida Colon esquina? which I
found to be a low broad roofed house
behind a board fence and a hedge of
willows a glass covered verandah along
the whole front within which were
growing english ivy roses honey suckles
and a several small lilac bushes.

After much pounding a small boy
"Georgy" appeared who spoke english
and told me his mother was out and who
knew of but one unoccupied room a cell
one of several opening into a glass fronted
sort of passage at the back of the house
with only the door for a vent and light
through its glass panels and innocent of any
other ventilation like the majority of Dago
houses. While I was protesting that such
a cave was uninhabitable by any
christian and quite impossible for

for my purposes Mrs. Kinnaird and
 her daughter arrived and after some
 parley the former agreed to let me
 have the private dining room a large
 corner room with two windows on
 the outside opposite the Avenue "Colon
 and Port built into the house so that no
 air might by any chance be admitted
 through them and two more windows
 on the front veranda first mentioned
 of which one only could be opened the
 whole characteristic of these parts
 though the house was built and owned by
 an Englishman one Scott who keeps a
 general store in town - Agreed with
 Mrs. Kinnaird to take room at \$1.40
 per month (a little over \$10 a week) and as
 it rained - kept packing trunk etc.



~~Tuesday Jan 23~~. Went around for letters
to our "consul" Moritz Braun a German
chickens who I believe never saw America
whose reputation is particular and who is
making much money in divers ways but
ship shipping etc a rich man, he
and Menendez (also with few shreds of reputation)
the moguls of the town. Referred me to Mr.
Christie who would give me anything there
was tomorrow he having charge of consular
business. The cold very penetrating and
an early flight to bed necessary to escape it.

Tuesday Jan 23^d discovered that I had left
my filler on the Edge and spent the whole
morning getting to the Edge in a Kosmos tug
kindly put at my disposal by Mrs. Kinnaird. The Kos agent to whom I
went to recover it from my steward who
a letter card of introduction from Dr. Isaac J. Virdigian
apparently had no thought of sending it ashore.
The food at Mrs. Kinnaird's proved good though
mostly tinned it being much easier to open
a can and warm the contents than to
buy & cook fish for example. Our meals
served in the closed passage or semi-veranda
at the back (marked x) where I found two

three English men, my fellow boarders
the two remaining being Dagoes, one an
engineer and gov. land agent, the other
a city official as he is told busily engaged
in accumulating small tidbits by a sort
of black mail in connection with his office.
The English men were - Mr. Smith who
proved most irritating from his habit of
contradiction and his little supercilious
laugh come to P. Arenas to escape the heat
of Montivideo a somewhat mysterious
person apparently without object in life
except to kill time as agreeably as he
found practicable somewhat traveled
apparently sufficiently well off educated
but without aim or object or serious purpose
of any kind in life. We wondered whether
he was an enigma a theory held by Reed
the other Englishman but I concluded that
not being able to stand him at home his family
paid him a certain sum to keep out of England
The second Reed with somewhat bald head
a bad left eye and black mustache and small

side whiskers was also a problem. One English
gentleman - farmer came out to S.A. to find
some place where he could be alone and do
as he pleased a little cracked no doubt
Built a fire in the back yard among the
ducks and hens and several del geese and
boiling his water in heron's tin washed his
own clothes as - preparation for life alone in
the "camp" as they call the country outside
town in these parts. Carried about a little
ketchet and a little tin pail and some tea
when he went to work with a view to
prepare for camp life by making tea in the
morning (which he did just once). Made great
preparation later to go with an expedition led
by A. Brown to his sheep lands buying an expensive
kit though evidently it will off (horse saddle
narrow horse pistol etc) but soon returning from
the godless region he hoped to make his home
and selling his belongings for what they would
bring. Was very friendly with us at first
and walked with us often but suddenly
he was off and acted like a spoiled child

and had little to do with me. The third English man was a Mr. Milward short clean shaven and sanguine of complexion given to much drink as I was told quick of temper and quite unable to endure Smith who, he confided to me before that time in the man a day "got on his nerves" and drove him quite distracted. A man with a checkered history, part of it developed in the western U.S. (where also Reid had been) employed in a business house (insurance etc) in P. Arenas. I found that both he and Reid had on their hands numerous sores of peculiar appearance characteristic I discovered later. of this region usually beginning from the smallest scratch or abrasion of the skin deepening and extending to form a very ugly looking sore with a very characteristic livid yellow border. I could get no satisfactory explanation of this singular lesion and as my own cuts and scratches healed quickly as usual and as this was true of my

friend B. Aylwin (met on the "Orissa".
clean young Englishman of Bore was
experiences and here helping organize a
motor car service to transport wool
from the sheep farms to the coast across
the flat hard pampas) I wondered if it
did not result from the alcohol habit
working in conjunction with the continuous
damp cold inhibiting the powers of healing
I saw many with these same dead sores
and Milward told me he had nearly lost the
use of a finger from one. Saw people
on the steamer later returning from Sierra del
Huayo with their heads gone but in a
similar fashion. The doctor on the "Orissa"
told me it was a sort of ergotism due
wholly to the cold but I can hardly believe
this is the whole truth as to these lesions.

After the noon break fast during
which I unconsciously put my foot deep
into it (not knowing Smith and his way of
life) by saying that it seemed such a pity
Stephens should have died when there

was such a lot of utterly useless lumber
Risking about the world with no other
or better object in life than the passing
of time to no purpose. Which as I put
it - rather vividly was pretty hard on Smith
who squirmed visibly but yet offered to
walk south with me after the meal was
over. So I took my little lead pail, which
has served such divers purposes, and my
Boston bag with some paper and we started
south to the wharf opposite the Kosmos Hotel
then along the ^{sandy} shore for a space where I
saw divers sea weeds washing in the
swash of the cans and old shirts and dead
dogs & cats that fringe the shore then
turning to the street again we walked as
far as the tour extended. This gave me a
chance to see most of the town that I had
not already seen. It reminds one very
much of the scenery in a cheap theatre
mostly in stony houses of the frontier type
covered with corrugated iron or tin
sometimes painted or sandblasted to look off

the raw edge, the tin of the cut Kerosene 5g
cans, only in the main centre of the town
are the shops on board two stories. Some
with pretentious stucco but not many.
The main business roughly yet sufficiently
paved the Plaza unkempt with a defunct
fountain and central band stand, a circus in
operation in an adjacent lot with
running performances at a temperature
little above 50°F . yet well patronized
The people seen in the street seldom very
singular in appearance except an occasional
ride just in from camp with ponies and
horns and monstrous spurs and broad blades
but over a lot of the villanous looking many.
But in the streets English, German, Italian and
Chileno many of the latter cut throat like
as usual. The drink shop at every turn liquor
of some sort, much of it said to be made with
chemicals. sold in almost every shop.
and a good deal of visible drunkenness.
Emerging from the last buildings on the
road leading south for then a half hours

walk from Cape Scott, Smith and I began to come upon some of the indigenous vegetation with my interest in which Smith could feel no sympathy but rather impatience. The road was cut along a bank of some height with the beach below sweeping south with broad areas of *Nerocystis* showing just off shore and stretching in patches far along the shore on the right the country was a somewhat rolling pasture land from which the skeletons of the old beach forest had mostly been removed. The pasture thick set with *Ciliifolia* (*Berberis*) now in greenish fruit the leaves not unlike but much more coriaceous than our native species the bushes about the same size but the fruit a single round berry ^{hanging} on a long pedicel and as it ripens acquiring a dark blue bloom, like a dark high bush blueberry which it closely resembles. among these stunted specimens of the antarctic beach bush like in habit as a result of constant cropping and

further on and back a limited region over
which A. trees of some size were scattered
somewhat scraggy in appearance here
with *Myrodon* and belonging to a
different species of *U. fagus* (*U. ^{vera} antiochia*)
Here we met two Frenchwomen one
ancient and hag-like with baskets of
fine looking *A. campestris*. I asked them
if they knew of any edible fungus growing
on the beech, having in mind *Cytherea*,
but though the ancient one had lived here
many years, she had never heard of such.
Mentmore without entering the pasture
through the barbed wire fence I began to
forage among the California bushes by the
road side (rather to the disgust of Smith)
on most of which were fine hedges of
the beautiful *Decidua* which I supposed
to be *C. Meyellianum*; which distorts even
large stems, the distortion either bearing
a rosette of large distorted greatly thickened
leaves with the brilliant orange cups close
set on the under side on a larger or

smaller tuft of rather small leaved
shoots mostly deep red and cup beset-
or more often both the roset and tuft
the size and complication of the distortion
varying greatly. Out of consideration to
the impatient Smith, I spent but a short
time rummaging among the bushes but
long enough to find a peronospora and an
acidium distorting long stems of a
Salix sp.

and an acidium and Puccinia on some
Umbelliferous plant. The heart of
Smith's poem could not beat in unison
with the sensations of a botanist at the
moment of his first contact with a wholly
strange flora, so capturing a very good
cracker box near a little bridge over
a dry brookway (Smith offered to carry it
home for me though I could see that his
English sensibilities were shocked at the
idea of carrying a parcel) I went down
to the shore having on my rubber boots
which I had worn it being a typical

Punta Arenas afternoon of showers sweeping down with a screeching wind from the hills to the west. The water was somewhat muddy and a slight swell from the U.S. made it impossible to get out in my boat to the Nereocystis or to any thing like clear water but before that I occupied five minutes the impatient Smith called to me that if I were going to stay much longer he thought he would return. So I filled my lead pail with such things as I could quickly rescue from the muddy water and giving Smith a large Calipate beer as a by way of bouquet - we returned as we had come. The short sighted city fathers have made the whole water front of P. Arenas a city dump and the shore is a wilderness of empty tins and other indestructible dunnage which some day will have to be cleared away. Spending the remainder of the afternoon and part of the evening fixing my algae then fled to bed.

Wednesday Jan 24. Poured most of the night
Waked by a commotion in the house near
midnight I heard a familiar "Oh, but don't
you know, eh yem" and knew that my
friend Aylwin had ridden in from Gallegos
Having spent the morning getting things to
rights and there being signs of a good P. M.
Mr. Reed and I agreed to walk up the railroad
towards the mine. I should have mentioned
that yesterday when returning with brother
Smith I stopped at the "down town office"
of the coal company, a shed, where I
found the Superintendent a Dane
Neilson, by name, a good natured, fresh
complexioned over about young fellow, as
I heard not competent in his position.
He was very polite and promised to tell
the engineer of the little train which twice
a day runs up with two or three cars
to the mine that he was to pick me
up wherever he found me on the road
and thus save me the whole or a
portion of the six miles walk up

the Rio de las Minas and the R.R. track
an arrangement on which I based
great hopes yet as it proved I got, but
a half dozen rides and only two for
the whole distance during a stay of
seven weeks. Up this little narrow gauge
which runs up the Avenida Colon directly
past "Casa Scott" Reid and I proceeded in
amicable and agreeable conversation, my
companion proving intelligent, well educated
and in many ways congenial with at
least an appreciation of the interest of my
pursuits and a consequent sympathy in them.
He inveighed at length and with bitterness
against the tyranny of social conventions in
England which make it impossible for
a man to do as he - nor potatoes, carry
bundles etc - without losing caste and friends
and so on so that the time passed very
pleasantly while we were traversing the
first four miles or a little less of the
interesting valley of flat cultivated pasture
which lay between us and the entrance to

The ravine which the Rio de las Uñas
has cut deep and broad through the
range of hills or mountains (the highest
point of the range about 2000 feet, called
I believe Mt. Newton in clefts of which last
years snow drifts persist the year round
through the forest reaches to its very summit
It was evident that there had been some
drysness previous to my arrival and I learned
that the ranch men had received the late wet
weather with acclamations the sheep pasture
being in danger of drying up. I found it
sufficiently moist however and in ditches
along the railroad track divers fresh
water alga were springing up in great
abundance which proved to be *Spirogyras*
Zygnemas *Drosera* etc but of rather
limited variety. A scarlet pezize with
hairy margin was common among moss
on the mud and looked like *Scutellaria*, I
also found a minute yellow one on mud
with spherical spiny spores much like
that so common at Interloch but redder

A common *Peltigera* for all the world like
polydactyle was not infrequently parasitized
by an *Ulosporium* with *Papulospora*-like
"spore balls" and sometimes with a dark red
crumpled *Nectria* accompanying, both like
N. erythrinella. Various mosses were coming
into fruit, a *Seligeria* fern and
numerous flowering plants, a bushy yellow
flowered composite with pale foliage
and a larger pale leaved one with flowers
like small white daisies. As we approached
the entrance to the hills which is rather
abrupt the skeleton forest becomes thicker.
except on the little valley plain in which the
river and R.R. runs where it is mostly
cleared. It is being slowly obliterated by being
cut up for Punta Arenas first a process
which gives occupation to a few scattered
squatters who occupy here and there a
log or board hovel eked out with old bits
of the omnipresent corrugated iron. Round
the corner of the entrance on the north
side along which the R.R. north runs

is a little pond full of a water weed genus
unknown to me, with a small submerged
Ranunculus blossoming in it and divers
masses of fresh water algae. An insignificant
Epilobium along ditches and on wet banks
a large flowered *Stellaria*?

~~also~~ also a running perennial herb with
reniform leaves on long red petioles (growing
in dense masses in wetish places mostly)
concealing a cluster of small bright red fruit
Gunnera Magellanica, which
grows also in the forest and as it was found the
only one seen in this region. As one
walks up the banks on either side of the
ravine become at once high and steep of
mostly reddish rotten stone or the product
of its disintegration sometimes climbable
after not more or less covered with vegetation
grass mosses small beech trees etc with
numerous slips warning one to be careful
about scrambling up them in wet weather
lest he be furnished a free ride to the bottom
amid tree stumps and earth masses

For nearly a mile beyond the ravine entrance
the tops of these high banks are fringed on
both sides by the dead forest which first
ceases on the South side where a brook of
some size destined to supply P. Arenas
with pure water, enters the "river" which
when not swollen by heavy rains in its
western sources is itself no more than
an overgrown brook rattling over its stony
bed and easily crossed in many places
with the help of a bit of log. The water worn
rocks of the bed of singular variety when
one considers that no such rock exists in
the banks or in the immediate vicinity
including granite and here and there a
"petrified" log of bluish stone. About
half way up the burnt region is passed on
both sides the sides are higher and steeper
the cut somewhat narrower and one
begins to see the shell "beaches" three of them
superposed, on both sides of the river and
high up, ~~At~~ the top most only a few feet
below the present surface which bears

the forest. Just below the mine where
a landslip has brought down a complete
section of all three benches one has a
chance to examine them at his ease
close beside the R.R. track and see that
they are made up mostly of small white
clam shells and large oyster shells many
perfectly preserved though I was unable to
get a perfect clam shell. A few other shells
occur the whole packed in bluish sand and
compacted to a soft rock so that one sees
fragments of these benches lying about like
boulders in and about the river bed. The
strata separated by layers of the same
coarse bluish sand of varying thickness.

Lower bench about 10 feet below middle one
the upper about 8 in above latter which is 8 ft
or more thick.

Here and below friend Reid and I found the
curious Calceolaria Darwinii[?] with
its large dull colored reddish and dull
orange and very large slipper like flowers
growing on the steep banks above the
track. The rain with its coming and
descending cool shut being only a
little way ahead we walked up to it
and to the Cantine and mine shed just
above it - where the track ends. But I
felt I was doing more than I ought
and felt my heart going like a streak
from the exertion of the walk which was
longer than I realized and a feeling of
exhaustion which made my spirit sink
but it should mean that I should find
myself in no condition to take advantage
of such opportunity as this place offered
So after gathering a few mosses, one
with the ~~excellent~~ ^{very good} fixed to the columnella
we started back taking it easy. The sun
coming out and beating hot on the back
of our head though the air was cold

Though I had walked six miles from Casa Scott & had not stepped within the beech forest and what I saw en route led me to doubt whether I was to find it accessible even after this walk. Reid however interviewed a chemists clerk in a Drogheda Alman with whom he had struck up an acquaintance (and who promised to get him beech seeds) from whom he learned that had we continued beyond the upper shed and crossed the stream by a little bridge leading to the miners quarters we should have had an opportunity to see it. I did not like my feelings of exhaustion and fled to the warmth of bed early. We found many mushrooms as we left the rails to walk in the pasture on our return and Mrs. Kimmard favored us with a very delicious mushroom stew.

A warm greeting from Aylmer this morning
"Oh, Oh, but, don't you know Mrs Kimmard, that oh the clock
of yours, didn't go off, don't you know what I was in walking."

1906
Thursday Jan. 25. While I was waiting on
the Edge to take the little tug and bear my
filler back to shore two boatmen with a load
of Centurus (the monstrous spider-like
crab which inhabits the ~~massy~~ ^{massy} beds
and the claws of which are very tender and
delicious and being thinking far better
than lobster being somewhat less pronounced
tho a little over sweet) came along
side and when the load of crabs had been
disposed of to me that the bottom of the
boat was strewn with red algae and
ascertaining that they had come from the
crab grounds in the net I suppose I
arranged with the gentle fisher in my
most select Castellano traer me muchas
de esas Sargassas, y de muchas clases, lo
mas posible giving him my address: all
which he seemed to comprehend promising
to come this morning, so lest he should
bring a lot and they should need immediate
care I staid in the whole morning till lunch
waiting vainly for the perfidious man.

I therefore donned my gomas soon after breakfast and went foraging for algae on my own account - The result to be seen in package N^o 2.

The water was moderately clear and the tide lowish and I found an abundance washing along the shore at and beyond the Hotel Kosmos. This hotel by the way which has been made famous by Ball and others and is known to everyone who ever heard of Punta Arenas stands directly opposite the end of the long iron pier which serves for the landing of small boats and liner steamers. It is brown two storied running along the sandy shore like a brooding ally but facing on the street. Said to be expensive almost always crowded and not very good. The Royal nearer Casa Scott looks more attractive and said to be about as good and cleaner. Many hotels in town none much good and most impossible. So I am very lucky to Mrs. Kinnaird's!

Showers and cold and fierce winds
all day so a "gamp" as the English call
a paragon has to be ones constant
companion. Mounted algae as follows

Friday: Jan 26. A day of more or less continuous rain from N.E. which I spent in my rain coat in company with my camp. Having seen that I should find enough here to occupy myself I cabled home "Ambilmarok" = "I will stay here till March, O.K." Wrote to Bram and Blanche and learned from Bram that the Usmanina was in from B. Aires en route for its namesake in Sierra del Fuogo. Going out I met Reid and was introduced by him to Canon Lospin, all the doctor church of England missionary clergyman of these parts who knows the region intimately and knows Haberton and the Bridges well. I told him that I had written to David Bridges in a way that I thought would have brought an answer had he really wished to have me. Yet he advised me to going saying they were very hospitable etc but also told me they had had sickness in the family not long since. Bram offering to

sent me out to the Ushuáia in his
tiny 3 boarded little dirty boat in
a rainless interval and presenting the
letter from the Argentine navy dept.
which Mr. Davis had kindly procured
for me I interviewed the Comandante
Moreno who spoke no English and
learned from him that they would not
go to Haberton and did not know
when they should start for Ushuáia
but would be pleased to take me and
give me such accommodation in the
little dining saloon as they could: which
struck me as preferable to the filthy looking
benches of the Ushuáia's officers into
which I passed as I passed by. So I
returned to the E. A. continent and
considering all things especially the
uncertainty of my own health and the
possible incubus I might find myself
on the Bridges family I reached a
final decision to cling to Punta Arenas
and Sister Kimball and take it easily
till it came time to set sail for B. Aires

or for the Falklands as circumstance
should determine. a decision
which was clinched by my first
introduction to the mysteries of the
beech forest which occurred on
Saturday Jan. 27, a cold threatening
morning with the thermometer below
50° Fahr. as I started with my various
fishings and faithful basket and umbrella
Twenty minutes walk along the R.R.
brings me across the Rio de las Minas
to the house of Neilson the superintendent
and the "factory" where the company
manufactures briquets made by
mixing the unripe coal from the
mines with other things and pressing it
so that it does not disintegrate. The
coal as mined though looking a good
deal like cannel coal as soon as it is
exposed to sun and air begins to crack
at right angles into smaller and
smaller cubes till it falls in a
mass of dust. There seems to be

a prefr die against this coal in
the region but though its bulk when
burned is greater than it was before
it makes a sufficiently good and
lasting fire so that occasion been
using little speck of a fire place
Mrs. Kinnaird too used it mostly for
cooking, price $\$12$ a ton - about $\$3.60$
Milligan the too voluble mine boss
told me the trouble was the business
was mismanaged (not by him but
inferentially by Neilson) and there
was no reason why it should not
be the only real gold mine in the
region. But Milligan had evidently
been taking more fire water than
was his advantage, and the
large end of the telescope was toward
himself while the smaller was turned
in the direction of Neilson and Punt Arenas
After waiting about half an hour the
little engine appeared coming from P.
Arenas and we got started for the mine
Mr. N. gave me some pieces of fire wood.

The Turgians are said to be a magnificent
race physically phenomenally broad
and deep chested though not tall. Singular
that they should be so well developed in and
a dwells climate and sparingly clad.

Try to find out about the King of Sierra del T.
who set himself up there not many years
ago and had his own coin struck etc
was finally? poisoned or murdered. His
name was Poppelet think.

There is a general disbelieve in the cannibal
propensities of the aborigines here now
or at any time in the past.

On this same day found a *Rosselinia*
under chips with a light-fluffy
cork-like bearing brown byssus and
very large Perithecia which from
recollection does not differ from
R. aquila with appendiculate ascospores
ripe only in one specimen matured in
the house. A form common under
chips but the perithecia when present
always immature even up to the
last days of my stay. ? is it *Spizazzini*
species.

Shortly after mine with two empty coal
cars in tow, arriving there about ten
The weather lowering and threatening and
very cold. Leaving the engine I walked
on through the second coal shed up
a bank of coal refuse mixed with a
curious clay colored stone which when
taken from the mine cracks up to dust
exactly as does the coal, over back logs
to the little bridge across the river which
here bends sandily and has scooped out
a striking and steep section of the mountain
up a steep flight of slippery steps to
Mulligan's little green house, past two other
miners shanties behind it and then along
the wood path leading into the Antietam forest
The clouds black and lowering with spatters
of rain and an icy cold wind roaring down from
the Otway whence seems to come most bad
weather in these parts and most high winds
at least in this season, the North wind usually
bringing in a rise in temperature and more
continuous rain. The East wind almost

never blowing and the south, cold and
high. seldom. I could not shake off a
certain sense of awe on entering this
forest for the first time the elements
combining to make me feel as if I
had no business here and were a trespasser
in the domains of some ancient wind god.
Mentium soon began to "find things"
The trees were covered with lichens
showing at their best from the rain
several fairly sheets a monobrous
Nephroma

~~some Parmelia-like~~
the commonest of the large foliaceous form
some Parmelia like

long strands of a sterile Usnea - which
grows more luxuriantly in the higher
woods and is used in P. Arvens for making
mattresses, a smaller usnea much
like barbata a few crustaceous forms
one with orange apothecia
and a very abundant form with a red-
tinted thallus beset with holes and
almost never bearing its apothecia.

Of course my first and chief interest was to behold with my own eyes *Cytisus* growing in their native haith and I had not progressed far before I saw several mouldy specimens lying in the path: but on the branches or trunks of the surrounding trees I could see no signs of any such production. Singularly enough I had never gathered from any account I had read of this "vegetable" that it was associated with any especial distortion and though I had noticed numerous swellings from the size of a bear barrel to a walnut, involving usually the whole ~~trunk~~ or circumference of the trunk or branch on which they occurred, it did not occur to me that these were due to the action of the very thing I sought. It was not long however before I spied a spherical cream colored object hanging from a small knot just out of reach, which recognized as

a *Cyrtus* still in situ and scrambling
up the tree I cut it off to find that it was
immature and worm eaten. Having
thus learned where to look for them
I soon saw them in sufficient abundance
although a great majority had already
fallen to the ground where they had
fallen a prey to miles, *Thyganus*
and other creatures not to mention *Eladospore*
and in nearly all cases they were
out of reach on the sheltered side of the
distortion in the larger trunks. Whether
they grow all over these larger distortions
I could not determine but as far as I could
see judging from the remnants of the
old crop (which soon after disappeared
entirely) and the new crop which
in a limited number of cases had begun
to shoot in Feb, but had not matured when
I left in March, a majority appear
on the lee side (East). By splicing
together with some strong string 5 or 6
carved, several rather crooked branches

(I found it almost impossible to get even a short straight stick in these woods) I was at last able to poke down some of the larger specimens which were still attached to get a very good idea of the appearance of a well developed *Cyrtium* although I afterwards found that only one or two still showed as in poor shape, the hymenium in most cases having been completely eaten away by mites and *Thysanura* *Meantime* I had also poked about for other things and found a striking *Hypoxylon* on fallen beech branches a small red *Nectria* and with it an abundant *Melanospore* on a dense yellowish white fungus

Clumps of a big *Coprinus* growing from under logs and looking very like *Stromatium* a curious subhypogaeous fungus looking like an unopened *Ageric* but with a ^{clear} chambered gleba and other thing the most interesting being a small brown pyriform fungus

Cyatharia Hookeri

growing often densely gregarious on smaller
limbs of the beech the broad distal end
like a pepper pot punctured by openings
into cavities whence oozed small whitish
viscous drop-like masses of what proved to
be stylospores. This fungus proving to be
Cyatharia Hookeri

The stylospores followed later by asci, but
surely not a *Cyatharia* at all. On one
of the smaller knots of the common form
which I take to be *C. Darwinii* I found
what looked like a hairy *Peziza* but
which proved to be the pedicel of the
Cyatharia hypertrophied by a very singular
rust-like *Melanospore* which I found
frequently later but very seldom in fruit.
The solid perithecioid nodules in a brown
hairy byssus being filled with an oily
contents in a few associated w. a meagre
development of asci? and dark brown spores.
This part of the forest was not "untouched"
culthouses with oxen being busily at
work during my whole stay cutting

out the better trunks and leaving
a wilderness of logs and tangled
branches. After staying as late in the
afternoon as I dared in view of the two
hour walk back I started to return about
3 P.M. I had arranged with Mrs. Kinnaird
to give me quaker oats and 2 eggs in
the mornings when I staid out all
day and by taking a buttered roll
in my pocket (the butter carried in
B. Dins and very good) I found I got
through the day finely with a wholesome
appetite for my 7 P.M. dinner.

Walking back by the R. R. I turned at
one place into a path running through
a flat area next the river and mostly
covered with low beach bushy from
being eaten. In one of these I saw a
small branch all the leaves of which
were lighter colored somewhat thickened
and distorted and seeking more hidden
towards the centre of the clump found that
on the upper side was a well

developed member of the Erysiphaceae
as it proved a most peculiar Uncinula
and on the underside an equally
peculiar exosorus which proved to
have extraordinary looking spores ~~of~~
embedded in a coarse protoplasm.
These two fungi proved to be associated
in every case as I found them subse-
quently although the Exosorus often
occurred alone which in one instance
the Uncinula which has very
striking helicoid appendages was
found on leaves without the Exosorus
over which however it had evidently
run from an old exosorus distortion

Close by spreading flat on an open
gravelly area I saw two for the first
time the curious prostrate Berberis
the involute leaves of which become
pseudocumbulate *B. angustifolia*
On these same plants but not elsewhere I
later found a *Ascidium* and *Puccinia*

Some other fungi were found on this day for instance a very pretty *Exobasidium* on a small handsome Ericaceous plant with polished sharp evergreen leaves and large pink-red dry cranberry like fruit. Altogether a day one of the most interesting I ever spent. a landmark in a botanist's life. Felt very tired but convinced by my days experience that I had done wisely to give up the Falklands and let the *Oropesa* sail without me tomorrow.

A Puerto Arenas druggist whom I met returning on the "*Puma*" assured me that the tales I heard there of the utter immorality and degradation of P. Arenas were quite true. He said syphilis was almost universal and that the judge who is said to be the only incorruptible official in the region was a terrible sufferer from this disease, as one might well believe from his looks. Dr. Vogel the best doctor in town is drunk continuously and has orgies in his house nightly with women. (By incorruptible I mean whose price is not well known, from governor down.)

1906.

Sunday the 28th Jan a cold rainy day which I spent in my room attending to the basket full of things gathered yesterday. The day was a characteristic Punta Arenas summer day with slashing rain squalls and a wind that seemed as if it must blow the face of nature clean. Though I had a fire the thermometer did not get as high as 60 and was mostly 54-56° but with three ^{winter} shirts - a vest a thick woolen undershirt two coats and two pairs of trousers I was able to rid the day out with the help of a shawl. The cold is peculiarly penetrating and feels to be greater than it really is unless one is out doors and moving (with few exceptions except during about ten days in late February when the temperature once went above seventy in the shade - a sweltering day!) The highest noon temperature in my room with the sun pouring down on the red roof and through the glass of the veranda was not over 63 or 64 and after did not get above 60

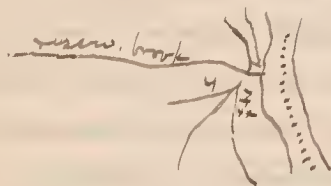
Set in the garden behind the house better
potatoes could flourish & seemed to grow
luxuriantly and as rapidly as in any
temperate climate, though many
times there was ice in the back yard
early in the morning and occasionally
nipped the tops of the potatoes. The fruit
truck garden apparently run by Hethers
in the N. end of the town seemed in fine
shape crucifers doing especially well
protection from the wind being gained by
fences. It was noticeable too how
wonderfully well the house plants set
forth in many windows or glassed vestibules
seemed to grow in all cases. The willow
(what species I do not know, or whence it
comes) which is much planted also seems
to make a great growth under these
seemingly unfavorable conditions. Except
for our hands which are almost continuously
cold one does not feel the low temp. out of doors
and the sun always feels hot even when it
is very low. It is hard to get used to

the reversal of the letter position as we see
it in the N. hemisphere making as it does
a long low circuit to the north & west.
During the early days of my stay one could
see to read a printed page as late as 9.30
and when the morning light appeared
I do not know as Brewer woke before 4 or 5.
My room was a corner one with two
windows to the open air on the Avenida
both built into the house and not to be
opened except by ascending and two others
in the glass vestibule only one of which
opened. But this was very well off and
with the little fireplace and the general
leakiness of the house, had sufficient air.
a good wooden wire single bed, and a big
dining table for my fixings: and as to
the food, Mrs. K. took very good care of us: the
bread and butter excellent and the rest, the
carneous and often canned, very good and
well served. The price about 10 American
dollars a week - very reasonable. ^{prop. 2.00} My room
was decorated with large photographs of the

Old man K. a Carpentero and - rolling
stone said to be a glib talker and not
without intelligence now in Buenos
Aires, some said Panama, depicted standing
in a suit of rough wool cloth clothes
with Mrs. K. looking very fierce sitting
beside him. The daughter Jessie full
length and also coupled with an elder
and very good looking sister - also a
son. Our present family including said
Jessie who functioned as sitting chamber-
maid and scullery maid in one with
two small children, Georgey about 8
always up to some mischief and always
on the verge of annihilation by his mother, and
a dirty ill behaved little girl not to
mention an over fat and old grey dog ^{Jump} a black
cat with an assortment of particolored kittens
and a pet lamb that made free with
the house in every sense was constantly
getting lost and was a perfect nuisance
- was finally eaten by the unconscious
boarders late in March.

Monday Jan. 29. Walked out to the "factory"
and Mr. Neilson's house hoping to get
the engine up to the mine but gave it
up after some waiting - walked to the
entrance to the ravine, then crossed
the stream to the opposite side and
followed a path which ascended the
steep south bank gathering a moss
or two en route. A curious geometrical
leaf to 2 by the hooks of the burr weed
(leaves like a creeping ^{acacia} potentilla) dull
colored above with heavy brown arctian
-like lines on inferior secondaries.
Continuing found the region to the south
and west a wilderness of fallen or
standing whitened beeches the tangle
increasing so as to be almost untraversable
as I continued westward parallel to
the river - the trunks however were
here being gradually split for fire wood
or fences and sent down a steep chute
to the river bed below. The tangle of logs
becoming impossible I finally made my

back to the edge of the ravine past a deserted woodcutters house and along a scarcely indicated path close to the verge and towards the region where the prospect was relieved by the appearance of a living tree or two among the corpses. The burnt region, however, proved to extend westward practically to the considerable brook which enters the river through a deep gully from the south about a mile above from the entrance to the main ravine and opposite some then deserted gold washers shanties. Scrambling down a steep spur I got among unburned trees on the main ravine slope - x having



peeped over the steep edge y down to the brook (from which the future salt

supply of P. Arvens is to come) and saw that the trees in the steep slope (y) were living the small, and more than ordinarily beset with lichens. Much Empetrum was various

Few fungi appeared in the hollow to which I descended some large bushes of the fine *Berberis ilicifolia* with fruit but a lovely *Splachnum* with large pearly white apophysis at first green and with it a second species as I suppose of the genus next to *Splachnum*. Not feeling quite myself I turned homeward early finding on the way an *hypophyl. acedum* on the Califate and some fine specimens of *S. corollatum* and much *A. campestris* with which I filled my basket for our evening meal.

Tuesday Jan 30. Walked south for algae in the morning to the point first visited in company with Smith and poking about a few minutes among the califate bushes found a *Uredo* on the leaves and flowers of a *Campion* an epiphyllous *acedum* on the *Berberis* with finger like very slender periderm more of the

Pterospore on *Lathyrus* and some
Erysiphaceous thing on *Salix*.

Then walked back along the shore
filling my pail with algae and
reaching Cass Scott in time for
breakfast. The whole afternoon spent
in fixing my tips and mounting algae
till dinner followed by its usual
sequel - an almost immediate flight
from the cold to the cosy warmth of bed.

Wednesday Jan 31. 1906. Threatening with rain
squalls and the usual cold sweeping
wind. Walked up to mine the walk
occupying about $1\frac{3}{4}$ hours, no engine
being forthcoming to convey me.
and went beyond into the woods. This
region terribly devastated by cutting
the logs hauled out by a pair of oxen
and slipping easily along the path
the earth greasy when wet as now
by recent rains. The woods varied
by the occurrence of frequent open
grassy glades very pretty, usually

with a border of a large coars. white
flowered *Senecio*? and some other
herbs *Senecio Smithii* D.R.

The center by sedges and several
grasses one dark blue green leaved one
especially striking. The footing on
these bogs usually uncertain and
sometimes dangerous. Spent much
time cutting bundles of the coarse
Senecio for beetle traps and disposing
them in what seemed advantageous
places. A *Plecocten* (with its *Tubercularia*)
mostly immature. An abundant dark
coars *Vancouver* on some of which a
single species of ~~*Closterina*~~ ^{*Closterina*} was abundant
A *Priz* like *Scutellaria* very abundant
A *Cystopus* on the *Senecio* and a few
more *Cyrtaria* of both kinds. A horrid
day from the cold wind and rain. A
few *Myxos* *Seocarpus fragilis* apparently
the most common. Submerged some
Tubercularia and lichens for *Monoblenaria*
and brought home divers masses of Algae

for *Saprolingia* ^{alturus} for which I got Mrs K
to buy me a dozen tumblers. Flies soon
in their produce & apparently but a
single species of *Achly* - but the
desmid or *Vancheria* multiplied greatly
Milward's sister in law and nephews arrived
by a recent steamer and he and Red now
sit apart for one Smith & myself.
Smith and Milward had a violent
altercation (or rather Milward flew out
at Smith) yesterday at lunch Smith
having made some remark as to his
boots. So I was not surprised to
find that M. was leaving soon tho'
the extensible reason is an attempt
on the part of Mrs. K. to raise the
price of his board.

Thursday Feb. 1. 1906. Milward departed today
The morning cold and rainy and spent
fixing yesterday's catch. The afternoon
showing signs of clearing but out with
Mrs. Red northward along the shore
which is in this direction a more

ghostly wilderness of dun page than
to the south. This region happily is
not without an end and one finally
comes to a clean sand beach, bordered
by highish banks where the sea has
eaten into the low flat plain the
stretches inland to the Gallegos road
(Rio Secovod), and sweeping in a long
curve out to the Sandy Point from which
the town has derived its name, its
extremity marked by a tall slim
"pyramid" somewhat tilted and painted
in bands as a mark for mariners.
Along the shore were numerous algae
floating in the wash and soon heading
pail full though the variety was
not great. Some fine reds however

Reed, contemplating a journey to the interior from Sallegos had purchased among other items of an outfit for this prospecting trip, a monstrous revolver. I doubt if he had ever fired one before, and as he expressed a desire to try it on the base of the pyramid I concluded to get out of the way during this dangerous operation and walked on out of range picking up an alga here and there. Looking back near the turn of the point to see if Reed were still alive I saw a gruesome object lying with its face buried in the sand the exposed part burnt brown by the sun the hair dark and bristly the arms extended. A new pair of shoes and clothes but little worn. After all the varied assortment of dumpage I had traversed among which dead dogs cats sheep hens and calves were copiously distributed, I seemed to like this last item almost as a matter of course and after a cursory

examination I continued my way
to the turn of the point and then struck
across inland over the flat rather sterile
region which characterizes this spit of
land, in order to join Reed. Here was
much of the prostrate *Berberis* with revolute
leaf edges. The red berried *Empetrum* and
various small prostrate plants in flower
that I had not seen elsewhere: also much
of the purplish blue rather insignificant
gentian common elsewhere (is this
the *G. prostrata* mentioned by Cunningham
as also occurring in Europe and the
Rockies) no = *Gentiana Patagonica*.

Walking home among the pastures
fenced off with wire where scattered
coast beaches occurred here and there we
gathered my Boston bag full of fine
mushrooms for our supper.

Milward was taking away some last
things as we arrived and I asked him to
tell Mr. Christy if the doctor body but he said
he would inform the chief of police.

without mentioning any names.
While we were at dinner we heard
the clank of a sword and a parley
in the entry and Jessie appeared with
a rather frightened face saying there
was a police officer without who wished
to see the gentleman who had found the
dead body at Sandy Point. I told Jesse to
send him to Milward who had evidently
been obliged to give me away though he
did not know my name. Reid and others
had advised me to say nothing about my
gruesome find with divers tales of
trouble which had come to me as result
of such misadventures in these S. A.
countries but with my Chilean letter
of recommendation to the authorities
which Prof. Philippi advised me to
procure thro our minister I had no
fear of trouble for myself merely
wishing to avoid having to waste time
by being obliged to make a deposition
etc. It was not to escape this however

Kurtze Kosmos agent.

as it seemed, and not long after dinner
our clanking friend appeared again
and was summoned to appear at the
police court next day at 1 P.M.

Cold and assorted deluges of rain during
the night.

Friday Feb. 2, 1906. A morning of rain squalls
with wind S.W. and heavy clouds. Milward
came in morning much worked up because
the police had been after him yesterday
and seemed to think he had got to go to the
police court also so I agreed to meet him
and go with at the appointed hour.
Spent morning changing ^{the} things and at one was on hand with
Milward at the court. The judge was
not there however and I had to wait over
an hour before he came sending Milward
off since he had not been summoned, and
I had no anticipation of trouble. Milward
had asked our "cousin defects" Christy to
come and help me out and tho he had
agreed to do so he evidently thought it

better not to get entangled with the
P. A. police. The engineer & Mrs. K.
whom I had not seen and who spoke
some English also sent word to me that
he would go with me if I wished but I
felt confident there would be no trouble
having my dazzer to fall back on and
this proved to be the case. The judge who
spoke no English merely taking my
deposition which he wrote out himself
after which I escaped with most of my
day destroyed. It seems the man was
an old fellow who was a little wrong
in his head and had been missing
from P. A. where he lived for some days.
We had read about his disappearance in
the papers but I did not suspect "my
corpse was his" as it looked like some
one who had fallen overboard from
a vessel and been washed up.

Took my net and walked out on
the R. R. with a view to getting flies on
the yellow composite so common

along the track. A horrid afternoon with a hateful squally wind from the hills with hail and rain yet the sun hot when it came out and a good number of flies procurable in sheltered spots. Walking back by pasture and gathering mushrooms, found a big hepialus pupa wriggling itself free from the soil which in two days much to my regret was dead and unminified by a fungus which did not fruit but appeared to be *S. globuliformis*, a form very common on insects here as well as elsewhere in Chile and the Argentine.

Saturday Feb. 3. A dark threatening day with occasional rain. Walked up to mine as ever with my rubber coat and umbrella and visited my beetle traps. I found the bundles of *Senecio* as fresh as the day I cut them and blossoming as though nothing had happened, a few carabids were
this thing had been crushed by stamping

concealed in them but there were
hardly any Staphilinids. Found
few fungi of any account. Walking
back just above a hard sloping glade
where I had traps and where I had found
the *Cystopus* on *Sarcos* I came to a
considerable coal vein evidently fallen
however in a great bed slide which
has formed this the lowest and largest
of the three terraces which lie here to
the south of the river. On this coal
found a lot of the pearl shell *Splachnum*
formerly mentioned. Though the day
was dark and windy with occasional
showers birds were numerous especially
a sandy small brown warbler called
familiarily "Cover-your-behind" ^{*Cubreculo* or *Cubreculo* etc.} the
Spanish for which I forget. These were
very common in the Caliche pastures
and in the woods where another species
was rarely seen somewhat larger and
much darker almost bluish. In
the ravine the handsome crested

Chilren sparrow was common with its
white throat and chestnut neck,
as well as another sparrow much
like our song sp. Also a bird usually
seen in pairs with the appearance and
coloring of a rather slender pewee
but with ~~the~~ habits and notions of a whist
suggested a water thrush. A finch or
bunting, also not uncommon in the
ravine. ~~It~~ in small straggling flocks
the males colored ^{somewhat like the biller of} to suggest a horn parakeet
but larger and without its brilliant tints.
The chilren's gold finch with its very
musical canary-like song. A small
hawk much like a large sparrow hawk
seen in the woods. The ever present little
brown creeper ^{Oxyurus} seen at Corral so tame
and inquisitive - the most inquisitive
bird I ever saw almost lighting on me
to ascertain why I was turning over
logs and pulling off bark. Walked
home a little tired.

Sunday Feb. 4. 1906. A possible morning followed — P.M. by tearing rain squalls from hills and cold the thermometer not getting above 50°. Staid in all day fixing things and writing letters.

Monday Feb. 5. Cold rain and hail with tearing squalls. Did some errands in A.M. and went for algae to North. Wind blew sand and hail against my face so that it felt like a charge of gunshot. A large coarse Salicornia in salt marshy ground near where river empties. Afternoon spent mounting Algae. Snow during the night so that the hilltops to the west were white in the morning and ice in back yard.

Tuesday Feb. 6. Thermometer 41 in AM. Same sort of weather with constant succession of vicious squalls enough to drench one and horizontal. Went South to region inland from little bridge where Smith and I first walked. Found here more of the curious *Exosorus* and on it a second species of *Uncinia* without the cork-screw appendages to the south and west a limited area of mostly scattered trees of what I have spoken for the "Coast" beach N.

with double cretation. This much beset by two species of *Myzodendron* - *punctatum* and *M. ~~oblongum~~ linearifolium*. One tree much beset by *Cyttaria Hookeri* of which I got a good supply - all there was on the rough bark of an old tree - fine big *Calceum* - the South side with green powdery thallus. A somewhat hairy white butterfly not seen again, caught with my forceps a little blueish peculiar snow beetle

abundant on the leaves of the beech &
climbed for the Calicium. Mushrooms
for supper and some Algae gathered
in one of the convenient tin streams
along the beech on my return. A
number of fungi in a heap of dead
barberry stalks - none of which I had
a chance to look at. Among them a
Lophium and the Pleonectium formerly
mentioned. Returned in time to mount
the Algae gathered which were not many.

Wednesday Feb. 7. Very cold, showery all day.
Walked both ways to mine visited traps
which even now show hardly any sign
of decay. Have thin levers as special
contrivance of cuticle or skin - to keep
them turgid. Visited traps and got a few
Staphilinids and some Carabids one
of the large species of Carabus like the
at Corral. Some Carabids under bark
but in general few. Went up over my
coal deposit and up the steep gravel
bank behind. To the second terrace
which is also a big land slip from
the last height above with which the
standing woods were apparently carried
bodily. The coal here in large deposits
also slid from above: the trees large
Raking among the lumps cover fallen
from a Ericaceous low shrub found
a few specimens of a semi hypogaeous
genus - turned into a Peziza and also
a number of specimens of the agaric
looking thing with chambered gleba.
"Exotium" "Elaeomyces"

Surprising how quickly this and other soft bryozoans e.g. a large dull brown *Ananites* - are eaten by what appear to be larvae of Mycetophilidae which often ruin them before they can be got home. Walking home down ravine on way home found much fine material of the corkscow on *Uncinula* on the bush *Tapirus* the former only developing luxuriantly when shaded and protected.

Thursday Feb. 8. Cloudy and threatening. Aylwin returned from Gallegos. Staid in all day drying and putting up things -

Friday Feb. 9. Hot. Ther. up to 64. Went for Algae in A.M. but in the heat most of the wet had before I could get them mounted. Showers. Mr. Reed departed on his momentous prospecting expedition to Gallegos.

Saturday Feb. 10. Howling wind from hills
again - which I could hardly walk
out to ravine. Intermittent squalls
of rain and hail. Not feeling very
well devoted myself to the steep
banks of the ravine on the north side
just above the entrance. Picked out
some of the weed in the little pond just
within the entrance (New Enteropteron
on piece of wet log in same) and
made some beetle traps. Also cut
some Cyperus and other things (soon
eaten up by a corn field cow). A light
egg yellow peculiar Uredo on the
common composite shrub with white
daisy-like flowers. Anthracos in wet
gravelly open places. A lovely Mercuri-
alaceous thing in cautions on dripping
banks. Yellow-violet found attached
by *Peziza* distorting whole plant down
to roots and apparently perennial
the stems swollen and dark dull purple
when the small apothecia appear on

the most recent (this year) growth.
Some Puccinias and Uredos on several
grasses and sedges. Two Hymenogys-
traceous things by raking leaves under
mud bank on sandy bank.

Stunted sterile specimens of the
large dendritic Polytichum found
at Corral possibly another species.
Several other nice mosses in good
fruit. The banks very steep and
a certain risk of a sudden toppling
on a land slide. Scrambled up
into dead forest and got several
photos of the depressing scene.

The ground carpeted with a pretty
moss with long red setae and with
smaller Marchantia. Looked as if there
were two species but it may be age.

A fine Leptocarpus on the
wooly yellow flowered composite so
common along the R.R. Very cold in
P.M. with squalls of rain and hail.

Sunday Feb. 11. 1900. At eight o'clock Ther. was
40° and the weather continued as
yesterday. Staid in all day fixing
things. A number of birds noticeable
thus far two butterflies seen, the
white one before mentioned and
a small *Argynnis* (? size) apparently
not distinct from the seen at Compaïn
and elsewhere, later in the month much
more common. One other butterfly
seen later recalling the white mountain
b. but not captured. Of birds, the "water
ouzel" something like a large water
thrush with white line over eye usually
in pairs and along brooks. Another
bird a little like it with rufous
secondaries conspicuous in flight
a large hawk with long tail like a
Marsh hawk but differently colored
and not a surface sover.
Not an ant nor a grasshopper
seen during whole stay. Mosquito
caught with this on yellow composite but
none elsewhere even in woods

Monday Feb. 12. Therm. 44° at eight, ice
in yard and the forest low down on
western hills loaded with snow.
Heavy rain in the morning but a
clear line of sky showing in the South
& started for the ravine but the day
brought the usual succession of cold,
rain and hail storms. Crossed the river
opposite the aqueduct brook and
revisited place where I had found
Splanchnopus of which I got more
material finding also in the same
place a bulbiferous *Atichia* on the
upper side of leaves of *Barb. agnifolia*
Also a *Stictis* not before seen in
fruit. Went over to west side of spur
on East side of brook and found two new
handsome *Stictis* growing on ground,
Handsome *Polytrichum* in nice fruit
Returning found *Acidrium* and *Puccinia*
on prostrate barberry in gravelly river
bottom also more Cockscrew *Uromyces*
Coprinus stramentarius for supper. Left
knife where I cut it

Tuesday Feb. 13. Ther. 4+ in A.M. Cloudy and
cold! all day the therm. not getting above 50°
all day. Walked up after breakfast to the
place where I cut the coprimus and
found my beloved knife lying where I
left it though - hundred people must
have passed within a foot of it since
yesterday. Went for algae but the wind
so far to South that water was too
muddy to find a thing, so spent
rest of day earned - all the clothes
I could muster fixing my plants.

Pretty creepy, & various as to the weather.

Wednesday Feb. 14. A beautiful day the
first without some squall of rain the
wind nearly South, the ther. 42° in
morning and not rising above 58 in my
room even when the hot sun fell directly
on my corner of the house in late afternoon.
Walked up to mine perspiring as usual
in the sun though I was in my shirt sleeves.
Pools along the road in the ravine were
frozen over and where the water ran

down and dripped on the steep banks
to the north not yet reached by the sun
the water had frozen and the grass and
flowers were covered with ice and
icicles were hanging from above even
at this hour - a little after 10.30. Visited
my traps and found more beetles than
usual - a number of *Staph.* too in a clump
of dried *Coprinus*. Picked all I could find
of the latter and put in my traps but -
they finally went to pieces without attracting
any *Staph.* Much cutting rapidly
changing the woods - one of my trap
places completely shut up by felled trees.
Went up to middle terrace and by
much digging finally got a supply of the
Peziz - I never formerly found among the
Ericaceae shrubs also a small convolute
subuncus thing. Going further up to
the base of the upper terrace and doing
much digging with my rake found a
good supply of the fawn red *Hymenogaster*,
by digging in the steep gravelly slopes

also more of the Gen. - Peziza
well matured and often wholly superficial
growing above the leaf cover and even
on sticks apparently two forms one
dark dull red the other dull orange
or yellow brown. In digging several times
turned up something that looked like
the broken off end of a big root tip viscid
cream colored which proved to be a
root shaped fungus the apex directed
upward and buried in the earth quite
below the leaf cover. "Gordon" I christened
it. Had brought my camera and took
several pictures of the woods and
ravine. Coming up despite the cold
caught a lot of flies on the yellow
composite "shrub" above mentioned.
Saw some fine Cythra - knots some
with a second crop of the fungus like
white marbles coming out on them.
Found lovely pale clear lavender blue fung.
hypogaeus under leaf cover by log.

— Thursday Feb. 15. 1906. Cloudy but without rain. Went south to "Smith bridge" and up into the Coast beech region looking especially for the second species of *Umicula* of which I found a very little more. Also found a good supply of a *Uredo* on the curious prostrate Umbelliferous perennial ^{azorella} 3-furcate forming mats on ground with thick shining much divided leaves the divisions subulate. Found a lot of what seems not other than *Cylindrocarpum Darwinii* growing from the hardly distorted trunk of the Coast beech on S. side not far above ground but not mature though there were indications of the future Apothecia. Had the same color and same black punctate pedicel but its effect on host seems quite different. Also found an immature specimen of *Fistularia* growing out of a living trunk. Many trees in this section with trunk hypertrophies covered with a dense fasciculate

short
growth of leafy twigs, but I could discover
no insect on fungus that might account
for them "honey bees". To the south
the bees became smaller and thicker
and soon scared up a pretty little
owl that sat and blinked at me almost
within arms length, looked something
like a long eared with dark plumage.
Then a flock of screaming green parakeets
flew into a tree quite near and I had
a better sight of them than I got at Corral
In the bush too I came on a roost of
goatsuckers 3 of them flying up like
pale "night hawks" from the "line" on the
ground evidently using this spot
continuously as a roosting place.

Found the strange exoskeletons also on
the coast beach. Walked home by the
shore and gathered some nice algae
A curious rufous bird, ^{Circus} like a pale lark
feeding on the heaps of sea weed. Little
finger of left hand giving trouble.
and give material of Epi phyl. acci de

24 Sep 21

Friday Feb. 16. 1905. Overcast but not bitter cold and wonderful to be calm almost perfectly and continuously still. Went for algae south to the first Nereocystis beds and luckily struck the lowest tide I have seen so that with my boots & goma which filled the men women and children who were gathering limpets and mollusks on the flats with wonder and I think some envy. In general I attracted little notice even with gaiters though few can understand how I can myself carry a basket but my boots are always a source of surprise. I found by wading out as far as possible a number of algae red and brown not seen before and others only seen as yet detached enough to show me that if one had a row boat and water glass and lived where he could take advantage of any calm moments that occur he could get a lot of things here since from the lack of East winds no sufficient sea is

raised at this season (or at least was
during my stay) to give things a good
stirring up. Curious crabs one with
algae all over it - star fish and other
marine critters. A new kelp
creeping all over the top of a rock
and sending up many fronds on short
stems. A siphonaceous thing growing
root in muddy sand looking like a
dichotomous green sponge for which I
at first mistook it. The same algae shown
me by Mrs. Allardyce at Port Stanley
with feathery fronds growing on
detached rocks the bottom here a coarse
soft sandstone: the "bedrock" of this region
with a surface boulder here and there
of hard stone like the beach pebbles.

Spent afternoon and evening till late morning algal so that I had no chance for to make the first change of bottles before going to bed when the specimens of this lot are unfortunately poor. My finger very bad and much aggravated by constant dabbling in icy water looks almost like Erysipelas - In the night was horror stricken by having some of my ghastly Corall symptoms though slight.

Saturday Feb. 17. No letters since one from M. dated Feb. Nov. A bright day but did not feel well and finger bothered very much. Walked out to ravine entrance and climbed up north bank. Had a fine view of Mt. Sarmiento rising south of Dawson island with its ^{high} ~~flat~~ ^{notched} snowy summit - and of various other more or less snow covered mountains to the South. Felt sickish and indolent and found little. Found ripe fruit of *Berberis aquifolium*.

Sunday Feb. 18. Just 6 months yesterday since I
left Boston. Horrid local symptoms
at night, so lay abed till ten o'clock.
and did nothing most of day. Mr. Reed
returned somewhat ignominiously
from his prospecting trip, scared by the
god-forsaken look of the country and the
dismal reports he gathered of the fate
of not a few unsuccessful ranchers.
In the afternoon Aylwin brought in
his sister-in-law Mrs. Aylwin nee
Gates a Southerner who lived in same
hotel with Mrs. Charles Eliot at
Geneva(?) and knew the children well
was very pleasant to meet and
interested in looking at my "rimidies"
Aylwin (Bernard) a nice clean fellow
whom I like better the more I see of
him. Rain in A.M. but clear and
milder in P.M. Finger so bad, in volving
both joints, that I went to see Dr. Pais to
whom I had a card from Dr. Exss but
found him gone into the Camp for some days.

Monday Feb. 19. 1906. Still feeling off so
lay abed till ten. Porph in house
think Hook very ill and Reed seems
to think I work altogether too hard
which is nonsense. A warm day
and the warmest evening yet, 60°.
Finger better under treatment with
rest, carbolic and ointment.
Spent day writing letters and
fixing plants. Rain at night.

Tuesday Feb. 20. 1906. Walked up to mine with
Reed: just too late for engine. Overcast
but not cold (56°) so that I perspired walking
with my coat off. Met the water company
boss and learned from him that they were
going to use my "Aquaduct brook" to
supply P. Arrens. with good water and were
building them sets of basins for settling and
filtering the water lower down to the south
large gang of men at work laying
pipes. Some porph putting in sewer
system the pipes for which are all over
town and surround Case Scott.

Found more of the lovely lavender hyposauros
Visited traps and found more than usual
the mild weather having started the first
signs of decay in my bundles of Senecio.
Many small ^{mostly new species} ~~Senecio~~ of ^{my new genus} ~~Senecio~~ species
and a good many *Trinopterix* x.

Went to second terrace and thence
scrambled up to third where I
found various things - a bright weed
on the Magellan "strawberry" which
is a low vine with shiny leaves - little
like a black berry the fruit on a short
short pedicel buried as it ripens, quite
under ground by the curvature of the
latter. These "strawberries" eaten and sold
- P. Cerams an agreeable flavor of
their own, this pretty "reedy": a lot of
a buff brown unfamiliar Physaroid
running on leaf cover. On a knot of the
evergreen beach a new orange lythrum
quite unlike *Darwinia* without pedicel
and in fine condition. Reid climbed the
tree for 2 or 3 others on a larger knot

then left me as he said to go down
to the coal on the middle terrace and
make tea while I followed the upper
terrace S.W. for a spell (finding more
of the Melanospora "lytharica" and a
few other things. A nice Myxos like
Geocarpus opening in sheltered position
More "Gordon" and some other good
things. Reid I found a descending had
been unable to bring his mind to make
a fire and was standing aimlessly
with his little tin kettle and his little
kudat. Returned to him about five
where as engine was about to start we
boarded a flat car. An over officious
car hand however talked so volubly
and at such length about Reid and his
lack of the necessary permits to be
carried down on the train that he had
finally got off in disgust and despite the
remonstrances of the engineer and myself
started to walk back refusing with a
Cordly wave of his hand to get in as

we came up with him and passed him
in the rain that was descending. This
episode appears to have ended the
thus far pleasant relations I had had
with Mr. Reed and we had little to
do with each other and but one more
excursion. Reached home to find
a new boarder one Broom blue eyes
bald, florid not quite with clean shaven
face but shifty and unbrist looking
Proved (he was the loosest tongued man I
ever saw and dispensed his personal history
in large chunks) late chief of police in
Ladysburg, S. Africa. here flying from the
deadly heat which grips B. Aires just
now and looking for a job of the most
modest dimensions, bringing a little
boy with him who is ill (and put to school
in charge of Canon Casperwell) whom
he said he had imprudently allowed to
paddle and wade in the icy water of the
Rio J. l. Nimes the day before, a course
it struck me well calculated to

disembowers one of a child who was
only just recovering from whooping cough
and had bronchitis. Yet Brown appeared
to be a utter fool enough - some ways
to explain even this. Aylwin told
of his experience at a "road house" in
Palo Alto where he had to spend a
night and was given rather canned
cysters that nearly finished him from
Pto maine poisoning, he had almost
nothing else ^{but the} to eat the ravenous and
was charged \$20 dollars the breakfast
being served on a table covered by a
dirty sheet taken directly from the
bed he had slept in. Also of the
civilized conditions under which some
of the English sheep farmers like
the Doots who are friends of his live
in Tierra del Fuego.

His brother interested in what appears to
be pretty hopeless gold mining in Tierra
del. by "dredging". Most of gold business
here on grand swindle.

Wednesday Feb. 21. Feeling better and finger

fast improving. Weather milder with
few showers. Still in all day fine plants

Thursday, Feb. 22, 1906. Walked to mine and
spent day in woods above. Mild with

occasional showers. Found several

rice Myxos among them Evermann

and what looks a good deal like

Dischisma splendens, big tubular and

and pretty pendant *Cercaria*? egg

Found that the warm weather was

fast maturing things the *Scoda*

which appears very common rapidly

elongating the part covered by the

hymanium which turns dull brownish

as it matures and is pushed sometimes

but not usually so that its tip projects

through the leaf cover to the air more

often than by the expansion of the

sterile stem sterile hymanium

By walking on the bank of the middle

terrace to the right of the log slide &

turned up many of these as well as

a fine Geneva brown and hairy
and also immature except one
small one also got some good hypos
while I was raking the hillside I saw
two gentlemen come up the path and
seat themselves on a log but thought
no more of it and continued my
raking till I heard someone call
"Hi there you Dr. Theaster" and turned
to behold Prof. Sargent looking up at
me. As the afternoon was nearly spent
and I felt tired with continuous raking
I turned back with him and his heavy
featured son and he told me of the
abolishment of football by the Harvard
Faculty, of his journeying in Chile to
Iquique and the Andean forest and to
Valdivia and Corral. Swapping experiences
thus we reached the mine where the
engine was said to be imminent but
after waiting a while in the cool draft
and inipient rain I concluded to walk
being hot with my hypogaeous exertion

and afraid of taking cold. So I left
them waiting and arrived at Cas-Siott
on foot some time before they reached
town.

Friday Feb. 23. Staid in fixing plants
Prof. Sargent came to lunch seemed
hopelessly mixed over the species of beech
here (Sprengel says there are 5 or 6)
and I could not help feeling relieved that
this is not a region of *Coccoloba*.
But it was very pleasant to see someone
so straight from home who curious to
think that although he is a colleague in
the University I made my first real
acquaintance with him at the other
end of the American continent.

Saturday Feb 24. Continued mild weather
Walked to mine and up to third terrace
visiting traps which are really beginning
to decay and hold many straphs of mostly
one small species. Found another knot
on the Evergreen beach on the upper
terrace with two of the new *Cytheris*.

Then when nature discharged spores with a puff
Found that Oospores were beginning
to form in the Cystopus spots of the
large Sarcina. Some nice Myxos
and various Hypogaei some new.
got into a little gully where I turned
up a ^{bristly} dark lavender Hymenogast. by
the dozen growing in groups 2-3 to 20
the groups apparently derived from
one mycelium creeping extensively
across I turned dark dull red when
handled, as well as finely developed
'Geodon' the pale lavender Hypog. and
some other forms including a Boerleria-
like affair with a characteristic yellow
mycelium on roots.

Mrs. Clywin came to dinner also a
Mr. Raynard sheep farmer who wanted to
see me. Interested in trying to get divers things
to grow in his estancia to the north of here
Felt very tired

Sunday Feb. 25. Had intended to leave today by
Falklands to B. Aires but concludes to stay
2 weeks longer. Staid fixing plants.
Sargent called in A. M. waiting for Orophea

like - 8 eggs. The open print sooty.

Monday Feb. 26. 1906. Mild north wind with occasional showers. Walked with Reed and Aylwin some distance up the Rio S. L. Mines beyond mine further than I have ever been before an interesting region though mycologically unproductive. The valley broader with dome like mounds and open wood patches much like N. England: the "cliffs" to the south of soft-brown sandstone Egyptian in their peculiar moulding some hundred feet high and sheer in places with several fossil tree trunks laid bare in situ twenty feet or so below the forest line. A curious dolomite-like structure at one place in the middle of the valley apparently preserved from wearing away by slightly greater hardness. Also red sandstone about 7000 ft. Found a new *Crucibulum* growing in path on moist gravelly soil

an Ericaceous Heath-like shrub
like Empetrum a little in the
dune region. Met a party with
mules who were carrying a hay
press in pieces up onto the mountain
to the South where the glades are
extensive enough to render hay
making possible. A fine small
Cytisus knot with 8 or 10 well
developed but not mature Cyf. Dar-
winii on it. Climbed up a
steep path to forest on the
north side, which is slightly
different from my usual hunting
grounds but though untouched and
full of rotten logs, not so productive.
Took various photos of this region.
Reed behaved very queerly walking
ahead alone like a spoiled child.
And finally left in altogether. Returning
to the valley we found he had actually
made a fire and we had some tea.
Two fungi, some Myxos and mosses

among the latter a very fine lot of
the second species of *Splachnum* -
Returnis Aylwin climbed a beach
for me and cut a large *Cytheria* gill
which he insisted on carrying all
the way home for we had to walk.
Rend as before walking by himself
as if in a dream.

Aylwin told me the smaller steamers
plying from here to the Straits ports
were fearful: full of vermin even
crabs confirming what Dr. Exss
my Valdivia double, told me of the
condition some friends of his were in
on their return from one of these trips
Talked of many things W.A. going and
coming and enjoyed my day very
much though rather tired.

Aylwin took rifle in hopes of seeing one of
the deer which used to frequent the
hills behind. but seen was to be driven
to the wilder wilds.

Tuesday Feb. 27. 1906. Staid in resting
and fixing plants. A phenomenal
day roasting hot - the therm. going
up to 74° and even hot in eq.
The large day flying Saturnia
hatching in all directions about
town. During the past three days
the Carnival has been going on
thru the last day. Even the banks
have been closed (which might
have been awkward for any one
about to depart and ignorant
of the fact, and unable to procure
the wherewithal. One has to be very
careful in S. Am. not to get stranded
there during fiestas. In B. A. the banks
were shut four days at Easter.
Here in Puerto Arenas there has been
much town foolery; people parading the
streets and sidewalks singly or in
groups, on foot or in the open carrying
of the town oft with music of some
kind dressed in gaudy colors hats and

fences and wearing every imaginable
mask. One tall man especially with
tall old fashioned beaver skipping about
with long coat tails playing an accordion
extremely well and accompanied by
several men and women. Much drinking
going on and many street rows. Aglwin
saw a street fight between half-dozen
men on horse back three of whom were
carried off to the hospital badly injured
though there was no shooting. The other
night there was a great row in town
a man having killed several people in
a house which was surrounded and fired
through by the police several of whom were
killed or wounded by the man who shot from
the window but was himself unhurt till
he finally blew out his own brains. The
row originating from drink as usually
happens in these parts. It is the drunken
cutthroat who is to be feared and who will
like as not rip up your stomach (their
favorite method) the premeditated

murders being mostly such as are done
by gangs who select a good lonely
house murder the inmates usually
with great cruelty and loot the premises.
But it is on account of the omnipresent
cut throat drink that one is almost
universally advised to carry a revolver
in Chile. George has been dressed up
for the carnival at considerable mule
expense and paraded with the rest.

A strike has been going on first
among the 'luziferos' and involving
many other occupations. There have
been fears of a general uprising and
much wild talk and some collisions
so that two Chilean war ships have
been sent. It is said that all Chile
is in a state of unrest and a serious
uprising as a sort of sequel to the
riot of last autumn is imminent.

Have three times seen *Agrotis* in day
time on yellow Compositae along R. R.
The little *Argyria* (?) now common.
A small number of *Agrotis* flying by day.

Wednesday Feb. 28. 1900. Dull day cooler
and threatening with occasional rain.
Sargent got away today in Tropes -
Aylwin walked with me up river
leaving me in the woods above mine and
himself walking far up the river
Scrambled about in my little hypogaeic
gully and got a lot more of the bright
Cerulean blue and others. Also a dull
colored large Hymenoptera with peridium
about on exuviae. Found green
Stenomacrus larvae crawling on trunk
and a small Hesperulus under log. One
Noctua genus and some other good things
joined Aylwin and returned rather
early in afternoon. Specimen of black
fossil trunk with grain of wood beautifully
preserved taken from coal mine. Broke
off some bits for E.C. J. Aylwin brought
me today piece of half fossilized trunk
uncovered by landslide up river.
Summer departed tonight and March came
in like a lion with cold gale.

Thursday March 1. 1900. Staid in fishing place
in A.M. and went for Algae to north
in P.M. One or two not seen before.
No great haul. Cold. *Crested*
white crowned flycatcher & Corvid
seen here occasionally. Mounting
Algae, the fused a tin "holder"
set my finger off again which was
nearly well.

Friday Mar. 2. Cold w. wind rain & squalls
got a ride from factory to mine
Found a good deal in the woods above
mine - a very handsome *Pezizaeform*
basidiomycete salmon red and orange
with big 4 spored basidia of the usual
type. Some nice *Myxos* one very
striking red *Hemiscyria*
numerosa hypogaei. *Geodon* in fine
condition and one or two *rudecta* specimen
of the bird peery white ~~one~~ found as
yet only immature. Actually found a
small one *Gunnera Magellanica*
and spent much time getting every

bit-I could lay my hands on. Not feeling
very smart and finger bothering a lot.
Saturday Mar. 3? Hideous day with gale and
squalls of rain hail and snow from W. & S.W.
all day. Very cold could not get room over
50° with good fire. Putting up plants
all day. Mrs. Aslwin to dine. (Gates)
Put my foot in it by comparing our
Southerners to the Chilenos in their
attitude towards the taking of human life.
The Califate berries now ripe and very
handsome and being picked and eaten or
preserved. One who eats them said always
to return. Same superstition as to sucking
Mate in Argentina. I felt sure enough
that I should never return, to taste one, not
to eat it, and ascertain its native greenish
flavor.

I have seen two specimens of the smaller
Chilean bumblebees, have caught one. That
I heard a big one in white clover region (clover
grows very luxuriantly) but did not see it.

Sunday Mar. 4. 1906. Therm. 40° at 8 am.

Hills white with snow and ice in back yard. Walked south in P.M. to see if the cytharids on the trunks of the coast beech were mature but though several other groups were found none were yet near opening. Noted that the acidine heathens on the Califate bushes looked mouldy and an examination showed they were powdering with the acidine of which proved a *Microsphaera* the perithecia of which were very rare. Photographs of beech with *Myrocladus*. Found a nice specimen of the fishbone but not yet mature. Several Uredines on grasses and a hypha on the same *Euthyris* which is attacked by acidine Uredo and *Pronospora*.

Monday. March 5. 1906. Cold with rain squalls
went out to Reservoir brook and followed
it up (slipped in up bony knee) making
a detour into fine woods above, but
little in them. Found Seodra and a
small frag. hypog. looking like an Endogon
but with a short stem and umbilicus the
white body made up of curious asis with
large spots irregular from pressure
Found a little of the snail on
Gumma Neapellianum

a couple of new lichens and a few
other things including a freshly
hatched specimen of a "Saturnia"
quite unlike the common coast
species and very handsome resting
under a beech leaf. How could it have
hatched in this cold.

Many robins flying in small flocks and
abundantly like their N.A. cousin especially
the young ones. Same habits and notions
the adults like a fed one young migratorious
Flock of parakeets. Home early. P.S.N. After

Cap blown off my head straight up
into the air and out of sight falling
some distance off from roof of 2-story
building. Bought one of the cytherine
galls cleaned by the Tierra del Indian
and called "Nudos". Said to be
untrue that the Indian eat or ate
their grandmothers or anybody else
or that they used their clubs to
make them tender.

Tuesday Mar. 6. N. wind with rain in Am
clearing with a westerly gale more
vicious and continuous than any yet.
Every thing movable blown into the
streets or over into Tierra del Fuego
The streets absolutely scoured of every
particle of loose dust or gravel.
Staid in all day packing always
a two or three days chore.
Difficultly drying blotters blown away
if put out of doors. Strung on clothes line
in room kept open over wire netting and
lamp set under.

Wednesday March 7. 1906. Made my last visit to the Monte above the mine with very many regrets as here above I can almost say, have I experienced anything akin to pleasure on this S.A. journey. My object especially was to get material of the pearly lived white fig. by rog.

of which I found a lot some in good shape. Said in a supply of the ^{Smithii} Senecio *Cyrtopus Solivae* with very abundant oospores. Found little else and returned early - a fine clear cold day with high wind dropping in P.M. The only common hepatic on the trunks fruiting abundantly in these last days.

Thursday Mar. 8. Spent a.m. continuing my packing. All the afternoon making a draft, which enabled me to see how they do business here and how they make some of their money. The fare to B. Aires is \$14 but

I was told at the P.S.N.C. office that
if I paid in Chilean paper they would
allow 16.400 to peso while at the bank
if they give you paper for gold the peso is
estimated at 15.731 while if you want gold
they charge you 16.40. Bought a draft
on London for my ticket for which they
charged 1% on letter of credit. On gold
would have been 2%. £120 drawn to det.

Friday March 9. Packing all day

Saturday March 10. went for last algae in
P.M. to South and got a ^{a little more} ~~good supply~~ of
~~the~~ *Acidinium* *Microsphaera* on
Berberis Acidinium.

Sunday Mar. 11 Still packing — P.M. went
South for more of *Acidinium* *microsphaera*
which I found in good shape. N. wind
much milder (58°) with fog and drizzle

Monday, March 12 Said goodbye to the Kinnaird
and to Leylin with regret whom I have
grown to like very much. Boat-cart
man came in morning before I
was up to receive my portmanteau

came down from 10 to 7 dollars to
carry my 3 trunks and hold all to
wharf and transport me and them
to the Oravia which as I could see
by the flag hoisted over the P S U
office had arrived in the early A.M.
Though she was not posted to leave
till afternoon I had seen enough
of P.A. weather to see the wisdom
of boarding the Oravia during the
comparatively calm forenoon -
and it was not till 7.20

Tuesday Mar. 13. This we actually got
started. Meantime had leisure to
watch the unloading of wool from a smaller
steamer along side and to take my
last look at Punta Arenas wondering
what will be its future especially
after the Panama Canal is opened and
it ceases to be a station en route
for many of the steamers that now
touch here.

Blew great guns off shore during

the night and when I got up in
the morning (having an inside cabin
to myself and taking my run) the
strains were foaming with the
vicious gale that followed us all
day and helped to make a quick
run up and of the straits the eastern
end of which I was glad to see by
day light though both shores Tiran-
del and Patagonia are sufficiently
uninteresting. In ten hours we
passed the Kosmos steamer
Polynesian off Dungeness point
(where is light house) in which was
Reed also bound for B. Aires.
Though she got off from Puerto Arenas
3 hours before us.

Passage to Montevideo uneventful
and with fine weather lasting almost
exactly four days. The moment we
stepped on the Oravis it became
evident though she is a sister ship
of the Oris - 2 Crozes that she

she had an uncommon captain
for whom no detail was too insignificant.
The table was very good and as the
weather was cool (75° on deck the
second day out) I was very
comfortable with an inside stateroom
to myself. No one spoke to me
(of the passengers) during the whole
trip and I spoke to no one
except a woman who sat next
me at table from Puerto Arenas where
she had been staying to escape the
great heat in B. Aires, a Dame with
a pretty little 12 year old white haired
niece along. I sat at the corner of
a table with no one opposite and
stuck it out in silence for four meals
finely summing and speaking to her,
a very commonplace person. The
captain however, one Cooper, took
a fancy to me apparently and joined
me on my solitary deck walks
sometimes twice a day and we

had long and agreeable talks -
Not as many birds as on the other
side: few albatross with their great
stretch of very narrow wing an
ugly bird with no artistic element
in their make up their kite-like
flight against high wind with hardly
a perceptible motion quite marvellous
The last ^{two} days the air was full
of thick pepper from which the seeds
had dropped and on the last day
several land birds came aboard
a little olive yellow finch. My
miserable finger bothered a good
deal on this trip and I was wretched
from a tooth the filling of which has
been gone for weeks.

"Causes of Weather & Earthquakes"

A. Cooper, Pub. by Potter, Admiralty
Chart Dept. The Minories, London, E.C.

Several insects flew over the last
day: a lampyrid. on deck at night. &
white butterfly. No spiders!

Saturday March 17. 1906 Arrived at
Montevideo at 6 A.M. hot, with
north wind for which I was very
thankful as the road ~~was~~ was
~~comparatively~~ smooth, showery
in a.m. but no more than a brief
drizzle clearing to a hot sunny day.
Boarded "Venus" where I breakfasted
My cabin an outside one but microscopic
and smelling of drain: shared with
me by a little Dago, also a passenger
on the Oravia. As he remarked it
was muy chico por dos and said he
would try to arrange so that we could
both have one to ourselves. Went ashore
in P.M. with the Dane and niece and
leaving them to do some errands went
and sat in the same little park
where friend Rogers and I made our
first acquaintance after meeting on
the deck of the Venus some time ago.
Took a few pictures of the city and
lots of gulls from the deck of the Venus

which left about six after taking
aboard Countess fish string on
ruses and transferred directly from
the fishing boat as they were counted
going to my cabin & found my things had
been transferred and on looking up the
steward he was unable to find them
Finally got hold of the head steward
who Caramood in great excitement
that a change had been made
without consulting me or him. The
little Dago appearing on the scene
we discovered what number my bags
had been deposited in which was
P arrived near a camera to my brand
It proved however to be down in the
hold the port hole high up and just above
the water so not to be opened except in
an absolute calm. Though deadly hot
and close I had to choose between it
and a stinking room on deck with the
stinking little Dago so I chose the
crypt where I spent a sleepless night

or as much as I did not spend on Irish
and finally got the port hole open tho'
in momentary terror of a deluge.
Sunday March 18, 1900. Reached B. Aires at
5.30. Customs opened at six. Man
insisted on carrying my bag to ex. room.
Waited for nearly two hours before
my trunks were looked at. Shook
both my clazblers at the head officer
and did not have to open my packages
of plants, but as he left I was not
so fortunate with my trunks which
were well hauled over. It being
Sunday there were no cabs so I sent
my trunks by the Express Villalonga
and after a riot with the man who
took my bag and was not satisfied with
20 centavos I went up town in a train.
Walking from the Plaza Mayo to the
Phoenix where I was able about
noon to secure an inner room on
upper floor. The heat and humidity
very oppressive.

Found Davis in his Office Meteorology
in early afternoon and got from him
letter from Sargent. Then retired to
my room and slept the whole P.M.
a boiling close night.

Monday March 19. Wrote shortly after eight
to a dentist recommended by Davis
American, W. H. Kemp, Maipia 194.
a Tennessee Un. graduate a quick
(too quick?) worker who fixed up my
two teeth for \$20. but overlooked a
new cavity just opposite one of the
fillings he put in. Recommended
Dr. Carlos Keys as being a first rate
dentist in Rio. Said there were very
few American dentists in B.A.
though almost every Dago with
himself a dentiste norte americano
Wrote then to bank where I found a
large bundle of letters the first I had
had since one from Mabel dated late in
November. Drew 20£. 146
Saw Mr. Davis who invited me to din

The evening informally and also
Spegazzini whom I was unable to
approach on the subject of his
collection as there was someone else
in the room. He promised to take
me to the "petit forêt" at Santa
Catalina and to the Isl. de Santiago.
Looked in on Brélher at the Museo
Nacional who showed me some
insects collected by the younger (Propile)
Spegazzini in northern Argentina
near the Bolivian boundary, on which
there are a few *Sebaulbenisera*.

Went to Olds, phot. Norte-amer. where
I got my films sent from Chile - very
poorly developed. Dined with the
Davises and talked over with them
possible places where I might stay
in the neighborhood of B. Aires. Learned
from D. that there had been no rain in the
Argentina since December and that the
drought was disastrous as I could well
believe from the looks even of B. A.

7
Tuesday March 29, 1900 Took the 7.35 for
Tigre. Dust a foot deep and the whole
country a desolation of dryness. Was
interested to see the country along the
road though dust covered and by no
means attractive. Very much settled
no "country" where the thirsty botanists
could roam at will. At Tigre
took a horse train to the Tigre hotel
every thing covered with dust or
with mud from the river overflow
A large hotel with decent accomodation
for \$8.00 or 7.50 (\$10) per day the
people with insolent manners.
The surroundings unattractive
and little prospect of doing anything
except by boat. Returning found
Speyeria stictilaginea and
a few other things including a
mummified fly and an Empusa or
Aphis looking like *Fresenius*.
All the possible collecting ground
seemed to be fenced in for private

places. Hot sultry and not suggestive
of a cool retreat from the city heat.
Stopped over on my return at
Palermo and went to the tree (on the
river side of the palm avenue from
the rail road, and on the B. Airs side
about two minutes walk from the station)
on which I had found the Ravenel's
wredo distortions last October. Though
no fungus appeared on the distortions
the older leaves were covered by
by pophyllous telentospores which
when I took some to Spezzini he
declared to be R. papillosa but the
species surely does not correspond
with his description. Also found a
handred Wronyces

on
walked through my old haunts which I
left fresh with the spring welcome but which
are dry as dust though swarming with
mosquitos. Back to breakfast at noon
saw Spezzini in the and telegraph
Dr. Parsons - No.

Thursday Mar. 22. 1900. Went by train to Palermo. Very hot. Cut some dry herbage and made some beetle trays in the Park under the willows near my old dump. Found a few fungi on dead wood but nothing much.

Returned to breakfast, and rubbed myself w. kerosene soap as the Bicho Colorado (red bug of Fla.) is said to be abundant here. Received nothing from cable office that no Harlow was to be found in Cambridge! Went to office and then sent message to his other address. In P.M. Propile Spezzini brought me a bottle of freshly caught beetles, the quantities he had got me during the summer having been tampered with by the smaller Spezzini children and the alcohol dried up and the whole gone bad with mould - a great disappointment to me. A Solidago abundant and in full blossom

Saturday March 24 Wrote to Palermo and
walked on to the pools near Belgano
where I had obtained *Tropisterni*
in October. Here I found water in
some of the pools but so muddy and
filthy that there seemed to be nothing
in the way of beetles in them. About
one of them near the riding course
on the R.R. side I got a number of
new *Staphilinids*. I put species by
pouring water into the mud cracks
and making them run out. Also a
lot of *Bembidius*. Then on my
return when rapidly looked over did
not appear to have much of anything
on them however. *Salida*.

Sunday March 25, 1900. Had some horrid cold
the morning and took 7.15 train from
the Constitucion station for Temperley
where I met the two Spezzini's.
continuing them to Elavallol where
we disembarked and took the
Escuela Agronomica bus to Santa

Catalina (Spigazzini having telephoned
our coming - and not subsequently
learned had it put in the La Plata paper)
A short drive brought us to a whitewashed
"battlemented" gate through which we
passed into the "petite forêt" of Santa
Catalina planted by a Scotman - the
former owner of the place, the Scotch
having been here but a few years. We
drove directly to the school building
which was being largely remodelled
and repaired and took coffee and bread
and butter & cheese with the superintendent
Burlinck and another (2 others whose
names I did not get the jefe Peltyer being
away) and then we 3 betook ourselves
to the "woods" Spigazzini at once
falling on his knees with his sitting
part aloft and his nose in a heap of dry
palm leaves, which he raked about with
a monstrous pig sticker such as
cut-throats carry here. Huge though
nearly dried for the herbarium were

pretty abundant on dead sticks and
stems, as well as on the few dead logs
and stumps scattered through the wood.
Propolis too indistinctly gathered and
butts as appeared. *Kretschmeria*
several *Nectria* *Hypoxylon* etc. as well
as the curious phaeoid. with umbilicate
yellowish hyaline ^{neoplastic} perithecia like the
one I found in such quantity at Dayton. *Trin-*
aria fallen palms. "*Phlephora*" *sp. ressuoides*
Corticium roseum *Polyporus argenteus* etc.
Some *Uredinea* too. We returned to
the escuela for breakfast - a greasy
soup, tough boiled beef and potatoes and
dry quail. In afternoon we went
out behind the school down a long
avenue of *Eucalyptus* finding not
very much. *Uromyces* polychaeta with
a few ripe perithecia on *Celtis* of which
it is a serious and very common disease
in these parts, two forms the commonest
perithecia the other diffuse in a thick
hyaline mycel. Sp. sp. rays both are same

but this I have not examined them
microscopically should doubt it -
as I saw no indication that one is
derived from the other. Both may
occur on the same tree or even leaf
but more often they are quite separate.
The sun was very hot and the
dryness depressing as we walked
through the truck garden section.
Nothing seemed very well cared for
and weeds gone to seed were every-
where rampant. Bustamant
shot a couple of pigeons one falling
wounded far in the trees to die in
agony. Many small dun colored
doves with white feathers in their
wings and tails. English sparrows
much in evidence. Returned
to Escudella and Bustamant
took me to top of one of the towers
thence was a good view of the
surrounding country stretching
flat as far as the eye could

road with here and there an island
of trees, usually Eucalyptus, in the
distance, marking the presence of an
estancia. The large fenced areas
speckled with cattle trying to forage
in the brown dry pasture. A pond
visible to the N.W. with water in it
which I made a mental resolve to
visit. It was also shown over part
of the Escuela and I especially
interested in the dormitories which
were being constructed. A large
hall on the floor of which had been
built two double series of boxes
about 6 x 8 ft. open at the top (later
to be covered with wire netting to
prevent the students firing things at
one another) each with a little door
opening on a passage way, and a
little set bowl in the corner. The whole
lighted and aired by a few windows
at the ends and sides of the original
hall: the whole reminding one of an

egg tray. I should have liked to see the expression of a Mr. Ambrose St. student told that one of these candles was to be lit abroad nine months of the year for four years. But I have no doubt they were much better than the happy homes of many of the students. After a cup of tea and some bread and butter we were driven again to the Slavallol station and parting from the Spezzini's at Imperley returned to the Phoenix. There are no cabs on Sunday now a new edict since two were here and a very inconvenient arrangement for any one departing on this day. No one is allowed to work in his trade on this day and any one found carrying the tools of his trade is arrested and fined. True in - Catholic country.

Monday, Mar. 26, 1906. My tooth troubling me, went again to Dr. Kemp who found a cavity just opposite the one he refilled, a fact which shook my faith in him considerably. Made a desperate attempt to find a cheaper and possible boarding place \$8.50 a day even at .44 on the dollar being too much for my peace of mind. Unable to get a room with Mrs. Mackern who has an attractive looking boarding flat a door or two above the Phoenix (22 + San Martin) but learned from her that her sister Mrs. Smiles had a nice room vacant out at Temperley which I resolved to look up. Went out to Palermo and visited my traps in the Parque. Almost nothing in them. Got a lot more of the Ravenelin and Kromyces and a very few other fungi.

Tuesday Mar. 27. 1906. Went out to
the Quinta Mackern in Temperley
in the morning, saw the room and
interviewed Mrs. Sniles who reminded
me much of Miss Blood with less of
her cheerfulness. The Quinta a low
rambling building much shut in
by trees and with a big Bougainvillea
in full blossom over the front porch.
The place a large one with many
trees and fields orchard and garden
offering opportunity for traps. Made
up my mind to buy it. Casuarina
walk from front door to road affected
by a borer with much stinking
exudation. Lemon trees with old
pupas of *Papilio* on them. Orange, Cyprus
Paradise trees and avenue of English
elms with many *Eucalyptus*.
Terribly dry. Returned to B.
Aires and began to pack.

Wednesday Mar. 28. Went again to my
Tropisternus pool near Belgrano
and got a lot of the Stephilinids in mud.
Also a few other fungi but not much.
Very hot and humid. ^{South American in}
^{blown out like water}
^{but much larger: rather like "water by the sea"!}

Thursday Mar. 29. First rain fell last
night and this morning, a good
shower (13mm) but a mere drop in
the ash bucket. Packed all day and
carried my various rearranged bundles
neatly done up to the Oficina Meteorol-
ogica for safe keeping till my
final departure.

Friday March 30. Took morning train
to Temperley with my bundles and
was conveyed trunk and all by numero
one from the station to the Quinta.
where I was put in a smaller room
for a few days till the larger L room
should be vacated next Wednesday.
A hashish breakfast at 11.30. After
unpacking a little went out to
prospect but found not much

except a new *Ravenelia* on a prickly mimosa-like half vine much used in hedges but when it has a chance running to the tops of small trees like a true vine. The big Argentine bawl common here its note very peculiar like the chick of a steel drill on stone. A brown Guinea pig called Cuis very common and very much of a nuisance, eating vegetables and Alfalfa and girdling trees in the orchard: much barked at by my friend Togo a pretty Colley but escaping to safety in the briar patches like beaver Rabbit. Said to be very good to eat: unable to get out of even a shallow trench by which orchard (peach, fig, apricot, pomegranate etc) was protected.

The trees noisy with birds, mostly the *Bichos* a bird colored a little like a meadow lark in coloring

- ~~See note on page 1~~

very quarrelsome and with an
unimaginably harsh screeching
note. Also very many "oven" birds
Furnarius rufus
as big as a small robin colored
like a faded wilson's thrush with
short tail and very clumsy way
of walking with the head and neck
held straight up in the air - a very
harsh and disagreeable note which
comes on before daylight - building
a big round hollow nest of mud
as large as a pumpkin and
about the same shape with an
opening at the side - a nest much
used by other birds, set in the crotch
of a tree or flat on the upper surface
of a large branch. Roosters there
always at 10.30 P.M. Mosquitoes
and many wasps. The other
boarders a Mrs. DeLandie (husband gone
to En) friend of Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Hayden
short grey with a horse like smile
devoted to her gin and lemon juice

at meals, Mr. & Mrs. Reese
New Zealanders the latter quite
pretty and singing with a sympathetic
voice and touch - two cry baby children
Mrs. Hayden of New Zealand and
her life experiences -

Saturday March 31. Spent morning fixing
beetle traps and went to Buenos
Aires immediately after lunch -
Called on Mrs. Davis, and Mr.
Went to see Chargé d'affaires White
but found him out. Sellers from
N. Y. T. at bank. Various errands
Got some bottles which I took to
Spezzini for the trip to Tucuman
where Propish is going to get me beetles
during the Easter vacation. Weather
continues hot and dry.

Sunday April 1, 1906. Up at 5.30 to take early
train for La Plata where I joined Spegazzini.
Awake at night with tooth ache and was
very painful during A.M. Changed cars
at La Plata for the Dock Centre where we
got off. The dock a good one with numerous
large steamers loading. Walked down
canal leading to the river, finding little
of any account on the way, to Rio
Santiago station where where we took
a row boat across to the Isla de
Santiago which is merely a large
tract of low land separated from the
mainland by two canals two or three
minutes row to landing, where we
walked along the margin of the canal
through low swampy land with rank
vegetation, Propit not finding a good
insect. A few frogs, ureidians mostly.
Further on the land is a little higher and
is settled and cultivated by Italians
who grow peppers, tomatoes, beans etc.
Uromyces novissimus and *Puccinia*

on Santam. Uredos on Compositae
Saved some flowers of Convolvulus
and a white convolvulaceous vine
on which I subsequently cultivated
two new species of Choanephora.
Shortly after eleven we came to
the muelle where are "pleasure
grounds" run by Italians a sort
of hotel and restaurant under sheds
out of doors, a merry go round looking
very decayed a phonograph
wheezing in an arbor and numerous
Italian French and Argentines
amusing themselves. The sun
very hot and affecting me disagreeably
Here we breakfasted beginning with
some slices of ham and hideous
sausages which the Spezzini's
devoured as if they were Andaman
islanders. Topping off with macaroni
in a greasy mass and a very good
omelet, also fed upon, not eaten, by
the Spezzini's.

We then continued our way eastward
down the river which was here bordered
by a wide strip of marsh like pasture
soft and hard in spots with many
small pools a sort of sand beach
along its inner edge running up
to a ^{narrow} sand dune region and behind
this a more or less impenetrable
tangled willow swamp. In this
sand dune region were various
things Acid. Immense, Pinnu-
meters etc but I was greatly
disappointed to find the distributions of
Ravenelia which
were everywhere common or

entirely dried up the telentopores
having been shed adhering in
quantities to the leaves however.
Troposterni in small numbers
were disporting themselves in the
pools but I had no net to catch
them. Spizini though 6 years

and suffering from albuminuria
is more active than I am (perhaps
with the help of Kola nuts which he
carries in his pockets) and is very
sharp sighted. I did not feel very
nervous and was glad to return
to the boat and take the train home.
Spizerini says he finds "50 new sp."
on the Isla de Santiago every year
but new species are too numerous
in his vivid imagination. Reached
home before dark and pretty tired.
A few nice Laboulbeniae on the beetles
collected today.

Monday April 2. 1906. Very hot and sultry with
symptoms of rain. Visited my traps and found a
number of beetles on which were several nice
Laboulbeniae. Day consumed in this and in
looking over beetles and poking about the
litter. Netted and bagged on lichens
Laid in a large supply of the new Ravenstein

Tuesday Apr. 2, 1906. Went to Clavallol and
the Escuelas anti-Catolicas in A.M. Very
hot and felt very draggy. Found a number
of Staphilinids including *Pimophilus* by
raking up the dead grass of which there
is much in the woods and examining it
on my chest. Several new *Leptobius*
and a few fungi. Went up to the Escuelas
and found Sr. Jorge Peltzer the director
who spoke English and was very polite
and obliging, telling me I could make
free with the whole place and do as I
pleased in it and that I could have all
the Alfalfa I wanted for traps. So I
sallied forth to the Alfalfa field with
Sr. Bustamante and a man and
showed him about how much I wanted
He said he would have it cut and
carted to a place which I indicated
Had a cup of tea and then drove with
Peltzer and an English contractor to the
Clavallol station. Party in evg. at the
Quinta Mackern to celebrate departure of men
whose room I am to have tomorrow.

Wednesday April 4, Clear and hot. Moved
into L room in A.M. and examined traps
Looked over yesterday's catches. Several new
Labridinæ. Took 1.10 P.M. train for
Lowell and went to the Escalen. where
I did my load of Alfalfa, which I found
deposited as I had directed, up in small
bundles distributed, then in what appeared
to be favorable places. Also raked up
some of the grass in woods into bundles
at the same time getting a few more
butter. Several figs. Worms and laid
on Solanaceæ plant.

Thursday April 5th 1906. Thermometer 90° this A.M.
with a gale of wind that filled the air
with dust everything black with dirt
by afternoon. Heat affecting me unpleasantly
made no excursion but looked at traps and
staid in fixing plants and writing letters
Dislike thunder & showers in P.M.

Friday, April 6. Succession of thunder showers during
day so could not go out. Temperature
dropped 25°.

Saturday April 7, 1900. A deluge last night
"breaking" the drought with a vengeance.
The whole country under water. The
street rivers and over the wheel hubs in
many places. Went in to Buenos Aires
driving to and from station as it
would otherwise have been necessary
to swim. The amount of water fallen
phenomenal. The country like a lake.
Davis told me he had been trying for weeks
to get the office accounts settled up and
that the minister had threatened him with the
drought whenever he Davis had told him
there would not be a drop of rain till the account
were paid. The payments were made
Thursday afternoon and the rain business
began on Friday all over the Argentina.

Went to the Museo and set a wire
netting cockroach trap on the roof.
Did divers errands. The little porter made
excited over my account of Punta Arenas and its
cold. Stopped me on the way out "Have they no Frigo
was relieved to hear they had another and concluded
they would not starve.

Sunday April 8, 1906. Clear and warm. Took
9.30 train for Slavallol and spent whole
day examining traps in which I found a
lot of beetles. Many *Pimplid* in the
dry grass traps which seem to attract
a quite different set of things. One black
Galerita in one of the Alfalfa bundles
the only one found at any time in my
traps. A large black bug not uncommon
in the grass traps looking a good deal like
a black *Galerita* as it runs. Several
new bats.

Monday April 9, 1906. Went to Palermo in A.M.
and walked to the region lying behind
the rifle range. Found *Hyssopus* growing
from base of *Eucalyptus* and *Sclerodermis*
under same. Got a few beetles two new
flat *Catabids* some *Staphylin* a few large
Forficulids and some formica like *Ant*
with *Diisomerus* in them. Set some
traps in various places. Arrived in
Tuesd. evening and some other things.
Villanueva saw me in valley in Florida jump on
and rode w. me to Retiro. Here with his family.

Tuesday April 10. Took morning train for
Shawellol and spent day examining traps.
Very hot and humid. Headache and
general "debility". Got a lot of beetles on
which were three or four new Leborbennia

Wednesday April 11. The hottest and most humid day
yet, absolutely exhausting: did not feel
very well so stayed in. Spent day fixing
things and looking over beetles.

Other boarders spent evening playing poker for
money. Very hot night.

Thursday Apr. 12. A fine day with some life in
the air. Took early train for Shawellol and
began operations around the Alfalfa ~~traps~~
stacks where I got a number of beetles
some of them new in the scattered refuse
Anthicids, forficulids, Carabids, Staphyrs
among the latter a few of the cylindrical
burrowing genus on which I found Lebs. last
October in the Parquet Fibers. Visited not all
my other traps and transferred a few
to the Robinia nursery behind Escuel
cut a little fresh Alfalfa. Returning

encountered a mounted police man
feeding his horse in the alfalfa. Kindly
informed me no one was allowed in the
Escuela grounds!

Friday April 13, 1906. Not feeling very smart. Went
in town early and out to look at my traps
in the Parque F. B. behind the rifle range.
Found quantities of *Puccinia* abundans
and ascidium on *Convolvulus* and
Cyclopterus or same host with its large
distortions filled with oospores. Also
quantities of *Uromyces* *noirissimus*. Two
nests - a weede and an ascidium on
Indescentia in great abundance
also unlimited quantities of *Hypoxis*
spicata, covered with the black
perithecia of
A *Synchytrium* *King* on a trailing
Cucurbit. Almost nothing in traps
Two species of *Galerita* in a very
rotten log but no legs on them. Met
two Germans with butterfly nets, who
unluckily had no English. Cabled M. S. J.,
Addressee to Rio Amazonas

Saturday April 14. 1906. Had telephoned Mr.

Villanueva that I would be here today & staid in for him. Came with his car in middle of forenoon and staid till 12.30 would not remain to breakfast which rather upset the smiles apperance. Had long talk with him about the trip & no very great purpose. Was very agreeable and seemed greatly to overestimate my small kindnesses to Frederic.

Dog was killed and beheaded and in looking over butler.

Sunday April 15. Took the 9.20 train for San Plata changing there to Rio Santiago, where I found the water so high that it was necessary to take a boat down to the muelle the path by which I had formerly walked with Spezzini being under water mostly. Pretty pampas grass growing in clumps along stream. Portulacaria (like the water hyacinth of Fla) floating about in the now receding current. From the picnic grounds mostly flooded

but managed with the help of
rubbers which I had brought to get
across to the sand dune region
which was surrounded on both sides
by water so that I could not go far
in any direction. Found Acid. Tuumen-
um with its Puccinia and a lot
of P. inaequalis, 2 parasitic lichens
on a hairy pink nebulæ. Along the
edge of the beach a number of beetles
in the little drift there was and
some Alveolares on a dead fish
the region of pools where I had hoped
to get a supply of Tropisternus
all under water. Ordumansella
Platensis in good shape. Returned
by same boat. Man charged me \$2.00
" To Colo Español, Votos Santos Stañanos - vi.
Took train from Rio Santiago station
Easter Sunday and the Easter races
in progress and I passed the new track
near La Plata. Where many of the
Inhabitants as usual in Spain enter

were standing at their doors or windows
and in their best bills & tuckers to see and
to be seen. Many birds seen from cars
between Tempe and La Plata,
conspicuous among them Hoises and
a big plover like bird as large as a
gull. A sandy bank full of Armadillo
burrows. Almost dark when I reached
Tempe about 6. Fare to La Plata \$3.00

Monday April 16, 1900. Went in town and saw
Spangolini who had just returned from the
Jaraman expedition. Said that it poured
there every day but too so that collecting was
impossible gave me the bottles collected -
few bottles with a few nice things including
some Staphylinids with several new.
Laboulbenné. Paid him \$45 for Propolis
expenses more than the bottles were
worth but had to take this risk when I
made arrangement.

Went to P. S. M. and engaged passage on
S. S. Panama for Rio.

Looked over bottles P. M. and visited trays.

Tuesday April 17, 1906. Threatening and cool
Went to Santa Catalina in A.M. and
got the usual haul of birds including
a new pale brown Anthicid in which
was a new sub. Began to rain soon
after noon so returned. The pastures
thickly dotted with a very pretty
Sepsis and many A. - ~~sepsis~~
A fine very large Sepsis in the
woods in large very perfect fairy
ring. Many small puff bills in
fields and near the alfalfa stack
a group of Lycopodium like the form
which one often sees also from the car
windows. Another large puff bill
came up in a beautiful fairy ring
at the Santa Monica but was
destroyed by Mr. Reese and his children
who played snow ball with them
before they were mature. Family
of Americans Hayes of Peabody with
wife and "Dora". Sent her burger for Jones
92 High St. Boston.

April 18. 1906. Rain at intervals in A.M.
Got four new subs. from traps here
Went to Santa Catalina in 1.10 but had to
return speedily on account of rain
People do not understand how I can
go about carrying a basket. Boys
continually stop me in the street and
offer to carry it for a small consideration
and sometimes call me a Señor mulo
when I refuse. I was screamed at by
a man and woman in the street and
opposite the Quinta a day or two ago
but as I paid no attention a boy was
sent flying after me from whose breathless
Spanish I gathered that they wanted
to buy some of my Cakes. Cigarette
habit universal. Continuous smoking, even
boys nine to twelve years old. Paint and
powder habit equally universal even by girls
in their early teens the ghastly usual
especially in evidence at the afternoon carriage
promenade on Calle Florida where an American
might imagine himself in a land of hobbits.
News of great earthquake in San Francisco

Thursday April 19, 1906. The first really cool night the Ther. 58 at 8. Days getting very much shorter. Went to Santa Catalina where spent the day and got a quantity of beetles. Roaches and Staphs in rotten logs got by spreading cloth below and ripping of bark with rake. Only two or three such logs in the "forest" but a lot of insects in them including a new *Pinophilus* with a fine growth of *Eribolobus* on it. New *Del.* on a minute flat Staph. under bark; five species of roaches in these woods one with a new *Herpomyces* on the Antennae. Lovely little dipper shaped yellow bird. on rotten wood.

Friday April 20, 1906. Still colder. Ther. 55° at 7AM. Spent day looking over things and visiting Draperley traps changing and putting up plants.

Habit of naming even small houses and putting name upon post as *Eus trochermis*, *Coprinus comatus* along road to station

Saturday April 21, 1906. Went to B. Aires by
early train and thence to Palermo
Saw a branch of my Ravenel's
tree and succeeded in getting one of the
two pods on it. A curious hyposiphon
not quite mature on log near by.

Visited my traps and found a very fine
thing in them. Nearly devoured by
mosquitoes. Went to my old dump
and got a lot of small *Clasochora*?
and found other things. Polyporus on
rod of *Sigmoetes* planted near Temperley
station. Much used for hedges.

Much warmer today, fine air.

Sunday April 22, 1906. Warmer but
fine air. Went to Santa Catalina
Walked over to pond but found it so
full that little was to be got. Pretty
red and yellow ocellus in pastures of
which I got some bulbs. A lovely pink
ocellus quite different ocellus found in wood
and root sawd. Also another species still
in fruit - Necker. Three *Podospore* on
rotten log; also nectries.

Monday April 23. 1900. Much warmer
Went in A.M. to B. Aires and then
to Palermo. Walked to region behind
rifle range and laid in a large
supply of the Rust on *Tradescantia*.
Swarms of hungry mosquitos
considerable variety of species many
very large. Mosquitos recently
have been almost unbearable
as they bite through ones clothes.
Always some in room at night
so netting used even on coldest
nights. A very few beetles in traps
Puccinia on *Eupatorium* and more
Cyrtopogon *Oreopora* distortions.
Several phelloid eggs under trees
along road beside rifle range.
Returned to Palermo station in
time to take photograph of my
Ravenel's tree and its distortions
Lovely peltate little *Chondrodium*
in one of my traps.

Tuesday April 24. 1906. Went to Santa Catalina
in A.M. Got numerous beetles
including a small nearly spherical
one on fungi with red Lab. on it.
Second species of *Kreilichneria*
also what seems to be *Spegeiinus*
Hypox. entolence. Some animal
had made a nest on one of my traps
and from this I got a number of large
*Allochroa*s with yellow tip to
abdomen. Also found great quantities
of small stick under bark (? 2 species)
with *Laboulbium*. Also a new large
species in a rotten branch with big
head and jaws and orange tip to abdomen.
Dull colored humming bird with red orange
beak. Big flock of pigeons whirring in
wood. Yellow billed magpies follow me
screaming in woods (tree tops) ^{over bird} *Furnarius*
Since rain ants are out again, the
common rough large headed black one
marching along its well beaten paths
waving aloft pieces of leaves like flags
Mosquitoes unbelievable in Alfalfa

Wednesday Apr. 25. 1906. Showers and warm
clearing A.M. Left Ear has been bothering
for some days kept me awake last
night so killed day going in to
consult an ear specialist Dr. Macken
brother of Mrs. Smiles. Very good
looking and said to be painfully aware
of the fact. Looked at my ear ran in
a swab and nearly killed me said
the ear was absolutely healthy and
charged me ten dollars. Said my
trouble might be "neuralgia".

Weediness of country somewhat
depressing at this season when the
weeds are dead and gone to seed!
Wild artichoke and thistle and a
coarse Umbellifer with asparagus
like leaves (so finely divided) the stubble
collected by "peasants" for fuel
and carried in huge bundles on the
back, a procession of such (women)
very Millais like. *Xanthoxylum* without
its *Puccinia* the worst weed in towns.

Thursday April 26. 1906 Went in town
in morning for final preparations -
Bought a cheap "(\$8.00) trunk
and packed up all my necessities
at the Oficina Meteorologica intending
to send them to New York. Lunched
with the Davises (out meal and cream)
and did a lot of last moments,
got my hair cut and films developed by
Lutz & Schultze. Made desperate effort
to get an English-Portuguese conversation
dictionary or primer but could find nothing
in B. Aires not even a map of Rio.
Partly cloudy and cool. Saw horse in
hock at Banfield (next st. to Tomas)
with most of the skin torn from its face
and cheeks so that the muscles and
fascia were exposed and dry, yet
being thrashed and driven. Cruelty
to animals all over S. Am. is hideous
Have never seen an adult dog - kind
or make a friendly motion such as putting
- dog. A dogs carcass usually answered by
a kick. Horse whips everywhere.

Friday April 27, 1905. Went to Slevallol
in morning, and spent my last day
getting beetles at Santa Catalina. Found
that several dead birds that I had put
in my traps had disappeared. Found a
little bird that I had lost with two or three
choir beetles. Got the usual haul
of beetles and some fungi among
which was a lot more of the
Podospora growing on rotten wood.

Small *Geaster*. Spegazzini by the
way says he is going to send all his
Lycopodium to Lloyd.

Found a magnificent brown "Indian
chief" caterpillar on *Poinsettia*
in the Quinta Mackern with four
very long divergent horned horns.
The *Papilio* (like those) larvae on
Ceanothus now plentiful. A cool day
this 54° at 6.30. and hardly a
mosquito in the Santa Catalina
woods.

Saturday April 28. 1906. Cold morning
with it ther. 54 at 7 o'clock. Went in
town 8.35 and got ticket for Rio.
Arranged lunch with Davises and
bid them goodbye. It has been the greatest
comfort to have them near and they have
been very kind. Mrs. Davis agreeing to
do everything about sending off my
two trunks of remedies to New York.
Returned to Sen-perley in afternoon
and spent rest of day and evening
packing.

Sunday April 29. 1906. Did last packing.
Received letter from the Bank of London
and Brazil saying there was a cable
for me which I could get if I would call
at bank on my way to the boat. Finished
packing and went in town with baggage
at 12.10. Went first to the down town
Office of Villalonga for a special train
to get my trunks. Went then to bank
which I found closed without bill.
Happened to meet a pleasant young

fellow of the P.S.N. Office who showed
me a door in Calle B. Niterói which
communicates with rear of bank and
here I got cable "Elit will come home"
Went to Office Meteorológico where
Mr. Hayes very kindly re-billed my
tickets for Liverpool. Went again to
Villabona's office and had team sent
up to get them and take them down to
the "Helios" for Montevideo with the
others. Cabled back that I should
sail Monday for Liverpool by the
Panama. Arranged with Mr. Davis
to cable to Mr. Seeger at Rio that my
plans were changed and also to
forward any cable the night come for
me to Montevideo or Rio. Spent a
very wretched afternoon - going early
to Helios where I sat with Villabona
(a reasonable charge 2 or 3 pesos) and saw
my baggage on board. A rather rough
night yet not comparable to my first
introduction to this dirty boat in Sept.

Monday April 30, 1906 Reached Montevideo
at 7 and went ashore to the P. S. N.
Office where I changed my ticket to
Liverpool an operation which exhausted all
but a pound & a half of my gold reserves
and found that a first class cabin had
been secured which I could have.

The river was very rough so that the
"Panama" ^{6000 tons} was obliged to come inside
the breakwater in order to finish
coaling. Returned to Helios and the
was transferred to Panama. Large
steamer 3 yrs old built for west coast
service mostly above water, all
elaborate on deck. Mine large and
shared with a young Fenton nephew
of the "doctor" as often spoken of by
Aylwin who lives in P. Curacao.
Told me that Aylwin was very rich
at Gallegos with entire poss
a return of his S. Africa trouble
Sofa was occupied by a Mr Helsby
of Valparaiso artist spiritualist

anti-vaccination, homeopathy
Angel Chileans. Just before we
started found cable in my room
forwarded by Mayne from B. Ayres
from Dr. Townsend the critical
code word having been mixed up
in forwarding so that Fred it
"physicians have given up all hope"
instead of "physicians hopeful".
so that Fred is in a state of mind
bordering on distraction.

May 4th 1906. Reached Rio in early
morning (a dull rainy day,
with the mountain wrapped in
clouds) after 3 very wretched days
during which I tried to divert my
mind by continuous reading. Read
Barry's *Worlds This Century* (poor) and
Cameo *Eternal City* not calculated
to raise my spirits. The voyage
without incident or notably bad
weather. Received same cable
repeated and just before we left

in the afternoon a second cable sent
the same morning from C.W.J.
"physicians hopeful". Did not clear
though there were glimpses of the tops
of Corcovado and as we steamed out
the sun was going down in a flood
of yellow so that the entrance looked
like the gates of Paradise - and there
no doubt it is a paradise for such as
I. That I may not enter is indeed a
bitter disappointment. To spend
nine months on a trip to S. America
and not to see folk in the tropics seems
a little hard but then, so relieved by
the last cable that I really did not
care. As we drew away from the
entrance the low clouds settled over
everything in a thick bank above
which was the brilliant sunset the
tips of the sugar loaf and Corcovado
projecting into the clear light, above
a black thin line of cloud running
the whole length of the sunset

as if drawn with one stroke of
a charcoal crayon.

The voyage to St. Vincent of eight
days was uneventful very hot
and close at night till we got into
the N.E. trades on Friday the 11th.
crossed equator early Wednesday
afternoon the 9th. Passed Fernando
Noronha out of sight the night of
May 8th. Read continuously and
wrote up this diary from Correl.

Min. Millet (Bord) Steward Libby (Caine)

David Harms, Donovan Pishu (Parker)

The Cavalier (Page) Sopranos (Crawford, poor)

The Celebrity (Churchill, poor) Making of -

Marchioness (Burnette) Rights of Man

(Parker good) till eyes gave out

and had to stop reading entirely after

St. Vincent. Ever bothered till second

day from Rio and then stopped. A

curious coincidence, this car trouble

Spoke to few people and no one as

usual, spoke to me to whom I

had not spoken first. My roommates
rather impossible. Caught the
Spiritualist using Fenton's brushes
thought his and mine were "furnished
by the company". Much troubled
by a child in the stercor with an
awful cough about whom I spoke to the
Dr. He said it was none of his business to
look after anyone who was sick unless he was
called upon but condescended to let me point
at the child which was moved forward
out of hearing where as he assured me it
was better off and had better air: but
he did not look at it or so much as feel
its pulse whether it died or not I don't
know. A heavy ground swell followed
is from St. Vincent north and the
voyage was doubly an endurance
as from the fact that no cable had
reached St. Vincent for me I felt
convinced that there was no good news
to send me yet I could not help
nursing a lingering hope.

Left St. Vincent in forenoon of Sunday
May 13, reaching Lisbon Friday afternoon
May 18 when I received a cable which
told me that all was over and that Elsie
had died the day after I left Rio. with
many kind letters within the day before
when all were hopeful the the situation
disparately grave. Determined not to go over
land as it appeared I could take a steamer
no sooner by doing so. Begged the purser
to let me have a room to myself as several
were vacant. He seemed to demur but I
found that he had later ordered me moved
into Newman's room. next door. He seemed
quite sure the mother he was sister of the
three others to whom I had spoken of my
trouble were human enough to speak to
me about it and ask as to my news. The
Dr. to whom I had brought my first cable
never mentioned the matter again and
kept speaking of his own son - about
Chicago - at school. Mrs. May evidently
had forgotten all about it the next day -

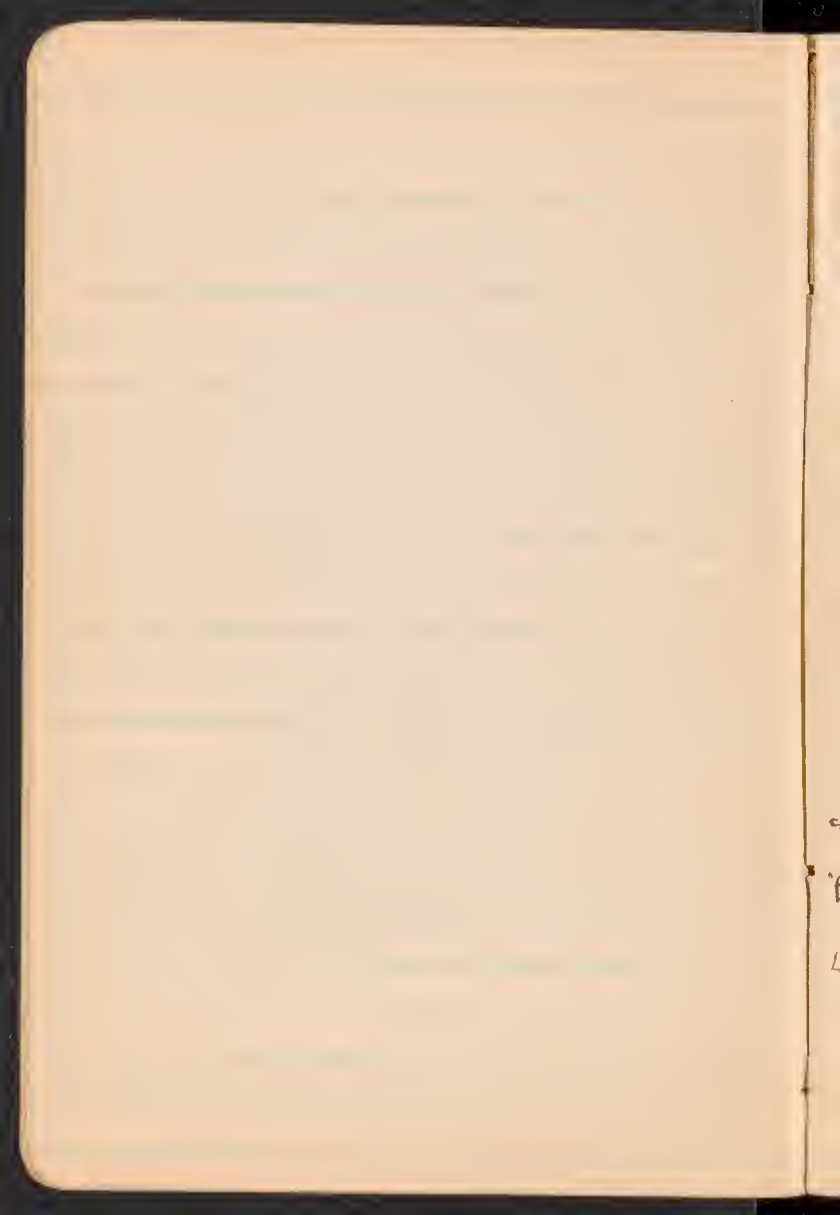
We landed at the Vigo on the lovely bay
climbed outside La Pallea to leave for
passengers to a tender docking at
Liverpool at 7.30 May 23^d Wednesday
a ghastly lonely voyage of anxiety and
sorrow. I could not but feel thankful
that my travels with this cotoured
English were to an end. In all this
period of forty weeks during which
I have been constantly brought into
rather close contact with many
fellow travellers of this race I have
been addressed (not taking into account
the formal address of officers of the company
next whom I have met, as of Capt. Cooper
of the *Oreania* who sought me out and
talked and talked with me) by four
persons, only one of them an Englishman
who as we stood side by side looking
at the coast of Portugal asked me if I
knew the name of certain town that
we were passing. Of the others one
was Rogers an American, the

second was Louis Rudloff a
German Valdivian ^{on the hills} who I could see
made a business of doing the sort
of thing I suspected for advertisement
purposes - a man contaminated by
American ways, however, having
been there and lastly Mr. J. C. Rossel
a Swiss-American citizen living in
Osorno south of Valdivia. One or
twice there have been spoken to to ask the
way or to inquire whether there seen
some person as when two Chileños
had been reported from a campaign
who had climbed the river-side behind
the river in Punta Arenas and met me
coming down. Otherwise my experience
has been exactly as stated all the
friends or acquaintances there made
having been sought out and addressed by
me. I even had to speak first when I
first sat down to talk with the three
Chileños at Mrs. Kinnaird's in
Punta Arenas. He was therefore

an immense relief when after doing
some necessary business in Liverpool
and spending part of a desperately
dismal day there while it drizzled
rain and lamps black from which I
sought escape in drawings and beneath
coverings - I found myself on the
'Baltic' (24000 tons) full of warm hearted
people from across the sea and was
addressed by several before I had been
on board - day though I kept myself
and my troubles much aloof: and when
I had spoken of my course to two
persons after several friendly talks
to have a warm response of interest
and sympathy gave me somewhat
the same relief that I should suppose
a criminal must feel who has
shared his secret with some other
human human being. Leaving Spout
at 5 we anchored in the river
till the tide served at seven when
we started down the Murray.

a disagreeable voyage as far
as weather was concerned on the
second largest ship, afloat steady
well appointed and well manned in
all respects. Mr. Hewitt of Phil.
and Mr. Ferguson of Richmond Va
dining table also a N. Yorker (pottery)
an Irish American Catholic priest
and friend and blunder. the a "total abstainer"
except from food, and a Pittsburg ger-
man woman "school teacher" who
addressed the waiter as "Sir". Had long
talk with Baron K. Takaki Surgeon
gen. of Jap. army and many talks
and talks with Prof. Taylor of Vassar
who very kindly explains and daily
for the purpose. Otherwise avoided
people as felt in no mood for many
new acquaintances. though there were
many attractive looking people as
well as two ~~american~~ americans
whose peculiarities however felt only
too ready to forgive for the sake of the

human interest and interviews with
one another that one saw almost
universally. Much head wind or
even gales with rain, clouds and
fog which kept the whistles going two
nights and forced us to go at half speed
one evening off the banks for four hours.
Newmarket light ship was passed
early Thursday afternoon and Sandy
Hook reached shortly after midnight
where we were befogged till late in the
forenoon, reaching the dock about noon
where after much delay and a most
provoking scene with a customs officer
who treated me like a pick pocket I took
cab with my four trunks for the Central
Station.



Eugenia radicans R. & P. white fl. vine
on trees. hort for Puccinia

Myrtus sp. edible "Myrtle".

Myrsine apiculata (DC) Ndg. Tree with powdery
red bark. Hypoxylon Hort G.

Arbutum vitifolium Cav. Corbel pale mallee ^{Hort G.}

Mitrasacme coccinea Cav. Red flowered ~~vine~~ ^{tree}

Persea mucronata (Sw). Small leaved low
myrtle w. much capnodium.

Libertia triflora Phil. "White blue eyed green"
on path to N.W. before entering Sabal
during near Cypress swamp.

Dryas Winteri Forst. Winter bark. Aromatic
Myrtin like tree with small
clusters of small white flowers.

Myrsine planipes (H & A) Bay The brook-
way shrub, w. purple edible berries
and copious white flowers.

Concepcion.

Geum chilense Benth. Dry hillside hedera red orange

Viola capillaris Pers. blue bush violet

Godetia tenella (Cav.) Steud. Dried shrub at San Pedro

w. purplish magenta flowers

Lagurus ovalis Trin. Pungent desert grass
at San Pedro. Introduced.

Verbena stricta Willd.? Dry hillside

Amygdalis alternifolia Cav. Pink flowered

seen at Corral in moist & back portion.



Polygala Gayi Benth. dry hillside

Zinnhamalum majus Brongn. like orange milk w.
R. & P.

Soliva sessilis low woolly insignificant

Conanthera bifolia R. & P. naked shape w. Solan-

like flowers. & clustered like leaves & stem

Bomarea subcylindrica Miers. host for *Urocytis* vine w.
purple red fl.

Corral.

Sophora tetragonoloba L. "Edwardia" w. 4. angled

pod, host of *Ulex* etc along shore.

Anemone hepaticifolia Hook. Shady woods beside

Telegraph path.

Azara lanceolata Hook. Small tree yellow fl. &

host for *Nectria* A.

Hippuris vulgaris L. on above river w. fringes
Achyrocline coronopifolia Sch. Bip. slender
dandelion-like leaves flower much
like *Brazier*.

Calceolaria Darwinii Benth. Stems on rock, below
just below river.

Gentiana Gayi DC. minute gent. s. ultimately
protruded tubular flowers.

" *Patagonia* Griseb. larger gentian.

Baccharis rhomboidalis Remy. Prostrate B. along R.R.

Mayallis alternifolia Cav. var. *densifolia* ^{Same Correl and Crisp.}
^{pink flowers.}

Senecio Smithii D.C. coarse *Senecio* with ^{*Cephalopogon*}
^{*Solium*}
rubus Geoides. "Strawberry" w. reds. "

Banksia de Apogindo

Boulesia multiradiata Chas. (Umbellif. wooly)


Cephalopogon aromaticus Schrad. ^{hot hills etc}
yellow bell-flower.

Stigmaphyllon pinnatum R. & P.

St. Vincent.

Frankenia laevis L. much like in sand plain.

Jamaria Salicifolia L. Warlike tree everywhere

99
Eichnis Magellanica Lam.  valley Rio D. L. R.

Valeriana carnea Sm.

Argemone Patagonica H. & Jacq. spiny leaved
slender curved branches: under ^{road} Calif. to
salt, by bridge. H. & grey black immature ^{parts} ~~parts~~.

Gunnera Magellanica Lam. host of ^{on one} ~~one~~ 1 ft high

Codonorchis Senouii Lindl. paired leaves 1 ft (or over)

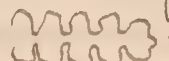
Chilostichum diffusum (Forst.) P. Druce Daisy shrub w.

Egg yellow Uredo.

Calthea sagittata Cav. in open wet wood glade had nice
specimens on leaves.

Aster Vahlia H. & A. on steep banks esp. w. *Carex*
Banksii on slide below upper terrace.

Two largest flowers stiff thick leaves 1 foot.

Maurella gracilis Hook. f. pretty comp. w. leaves
 in bush forest above

Valeriana lappathifolia Vahl. Abundant in shady woods.
found: *Spergularia* which had ^{small light} ~~not~~ prod. as seen

Maytenus Magellanica Hook. Sawed like evergreen shrub
by river in bush. Leaf spot on it.

Senecio Magellanica H. & A. often in full flower rather large

Prozia recurvata (Vahl) Less. Purple flowered low
composite. Little stiff leaves & large flowers
wrote had on Sandy Point. ^{like black} ~~like black~~ ^{rather} ~~rather~~ ^{glo.} ~~glo.~~
possibly ~~possibly~~

Some of flowering plants at
Punta Arenas.

Notofagus antarctica (Goult) Oerst.

" *var 2-crenata* " common deciduous

" *reticulata* " evergreen.

Myroslodon punctulatus R. & S. largest.

" *oblongifolius* D.C. rarer in Rio D. L. M. gorge

" *linearifolius* D.C. common on coast beach

Euphorbia rubrum Vahl

" sp. large plant with in margin of sandy
west above coal mine.

Carex Banksii Boott on roadside below highest terrace W.

Arenaria serpyllifolia Naud. Little *Arenaria* along R.R.

Stellaria stenophylla var *magellanica* Phil. at point
small cliff face.

Chaetanthera sp. On sandy Pt. low steep w. head
of whitish fl. w. much purple. ? Composite

Senecio longipes Hook On banks in thin woods

Azorella lycopodioides Sand very low lycopod like herb.
on waste land on Sandy Point.

" *filamentosa* Sam. running stems much like last.

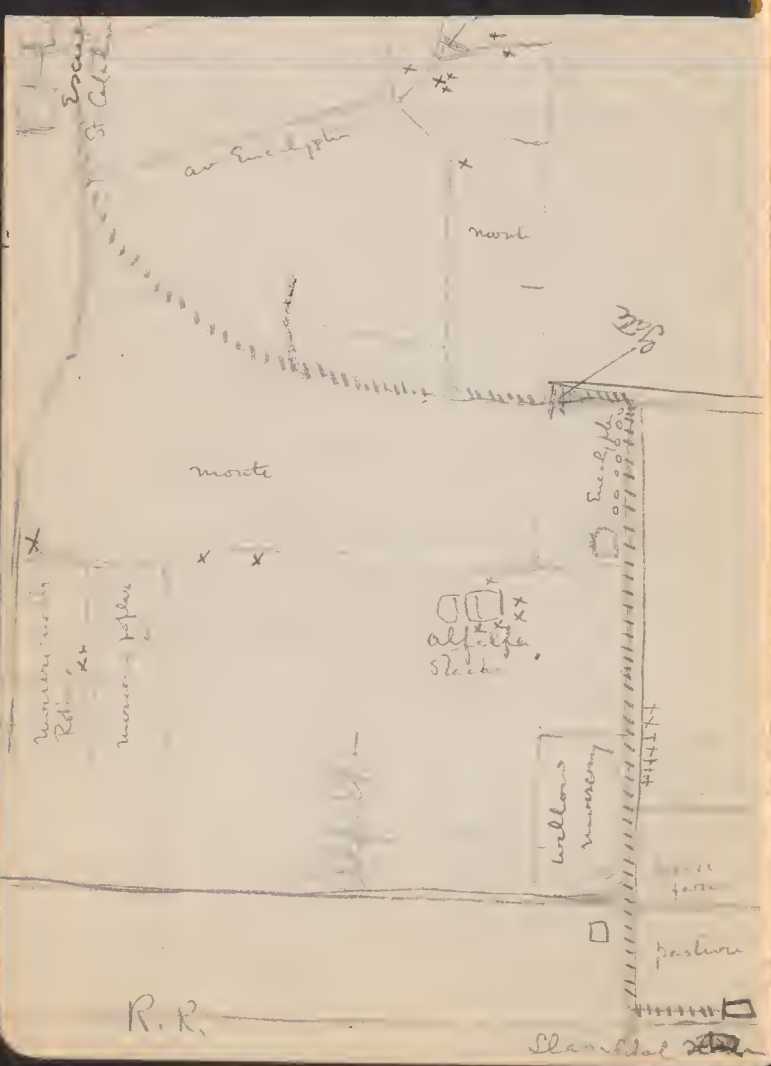
" *trifurcata* Hook. ^{Calif. plant} those of weeds, forming mats in

" *caespitosa* Cav. rather common but very like first two.

10

Ans. Passes $\frac{1}{2}$ tree $\frac{1}{2}$ ---
xxx
costo

Ans. ...
... ..



Oct 1911

10.1

12336
42 of Tenerife N. Peak
4000 Canyon to East
from Santa Cruz de Tenerife

So. View of S. Antonio to N. W. 7220
2320 highest

Cubre culo or plato.

~~popo~~? name for
brown when

167
50

217

4.95.

1085

2053

868

108415

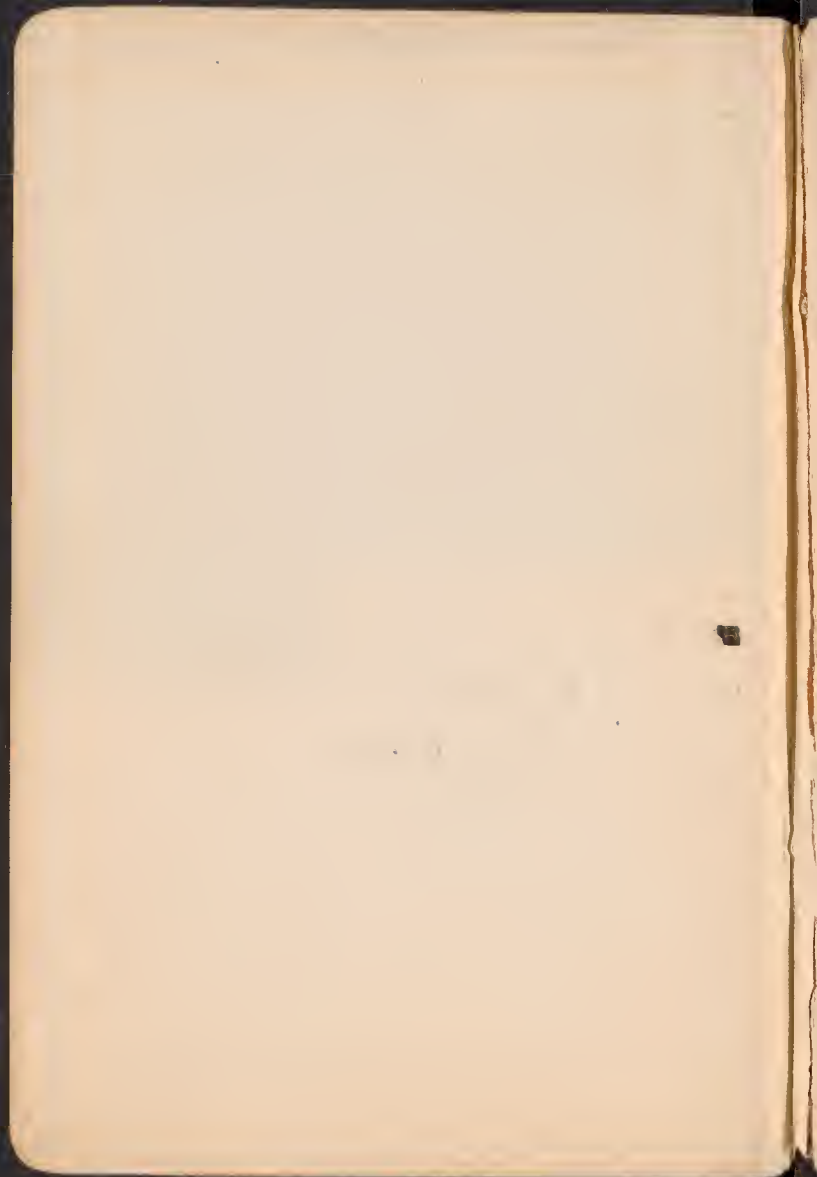
Cubre culo

1084.

Ork
31-12-18

24-12

*



Aug. 17 to Sept 25. Boston to Buenos Aires 40 days
 Oct. 21 to Nov 3 B. Aires to Santiago 13
 Nov. 27 to 29th Concepcion to Corral 3
 Jan. 18 to 22nd Corral to Punta Arenas 5
 Mar 12 to 18 P. Arenas to B. Aires 7
 April 29 to June B. Aires to Boston

1905-1906

Lpl → N.Y. 3052
 Boston → Lpl 2805

Liverpool to San Diego 10000
 " " " 10000 } 26000
 " " " 6000

Berger Veget. on Port Stanley
 English Bot. Journal. x x x x x
 2

